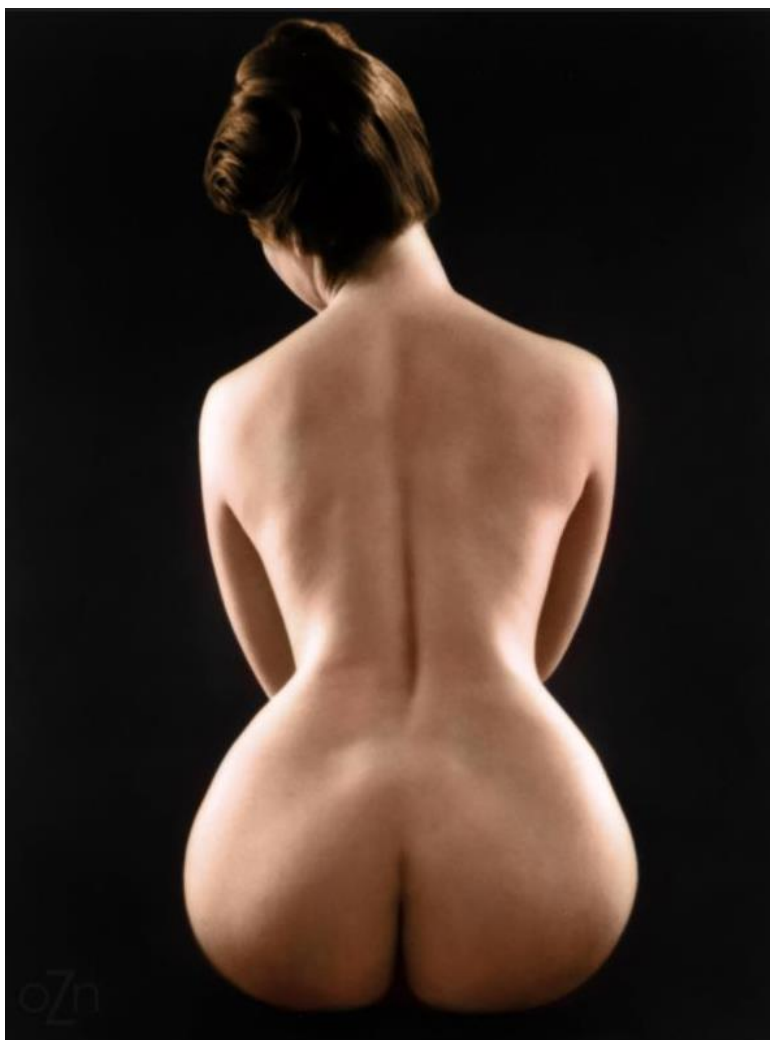


Le Minotaur



Volume Ten

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Cover picture: *A woman's back*, photographer unknown

If you have a submission for the **Le Minotaur** feel free to send it along to the magazine.

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Table of Content

Le Minotaur	6
New Artwork	7
Some Funny Cosplay ... by Stephanie.....	8
Using AI to Render Digital Art as Watercolors	17
Call for Minotaur Art	26
Pictorial: Want a Lick?.....	27
Prose.....	28
Colour through the Eyes of Fauvists by Yanfei Li	29
La Vie de Boheme by Samuel Putnam.....	45
The Sexes by Dorothy Parker.....	87
Pictorial: Picasso's Minotaur in Love, 1933	96
La Jeune Fille Wants to Know by D.H. Lawrence	97
Pictorial: I Know You Want to Tug ... Don't You!	102
The Last Tea by Dorothy Parker	103
Poetry	111
The Naked and the Nude	112
Pictorial: Minotaur being led by a Girl	114
The Nude Swim.....	115
Nude Descending a Staircase (After Marcel Duchamp)	117
Pictorial: Picasso's Wounded Minotaur (Vollard Suite) 1933.....	118
Nude Beach	119
Pictorial: The Consultation.....	120
Nude Girl on a Fur – Otto Dix	121

Pictorial: Picasso's Minotaur and his Love (Vollard Suite) 1933	123
Nude Descending a Stairway	124
Sonnet in Search of an Author	126
Take the High Road – Few Souls Will Follow You There	127
Pictorial: What a Wild Party	128
Feminine Beauty and the Visual Art Club of Soho.....	129
Marcel Duchamp's Nude Descending A Staircase.....	130
Pictorial: Picasso's Minotaur, Two Women and Bacchus, 1933	131
Sonnets Actualities by e.e. cummings.....	132
Four Poems about the Moon by D. H. Lawrence.....	144
Three Love Poems by Paul Veraine	146
Pictorials	149
Artist Model Olive Ann Alcorn, circa 1920.....	150
Pictorial: Picasso's Minotaur with a Wounded Horse	200
Popcorn	201
How to Manhandle ... by Emilie Wu.....	202
The Surréal.....	207
Why Do Boys Have Breasts? By Aki	208
Pictorial: Picasso's Minotaur and Bacchii from 1933.....	211
Boys and their Small Toys by Reiko.....	212
Novella:.....	217
The Woman and the Orchid by Andrew Soutar.....	218
Pictorial: A Female Bacchus	247

It must be hard for a boy to be small. Being big is sort of the expectation. I have had several boy friends with ‘small toys.’ I met them because I told the boys I knew that I enjoy small surprises.

Aki

Le Minotaur

Le Minotaur Press of Vancouver is delighted to publish the tenth edition of *Le Minotaur* Magazine which serves to explore the beast in all of us.

In this edition we have contributions from Yanfei, Stephanie, Emilie, Aki and Reiko. There are some poetry and a short stories by D. H. Lawrence, and two short stories from Dorothy Parker. There is also a featured pictorial of the artist model Olive Ann Alcorn from a century ago.

Please feel free to submit your short stories, prose, poetry and artwork to

penny_plenty321 @ yahoo.com.

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the author.

Le Minotaur welcomes submissions on a quarterly basis.

New Artwork

Some Funny Cosplay ... by Stephanie

Cosplay, or costume play, takes on many forms. Here are a few funny ones.



















What are you looking at?

Using AI to Render Digital Art as Watercolors

By Patrick Bruskiewich

In this modern age, digital photography has overwhelmed most other forms of visual art. That should not be so bothersome for it is well understood that artists have been using visual aids since at least the Renaissance.

Over the past five centuries, the most widely used visual aid has been the *Camera Obscura*, which in its modern form we know as the camera. It is well documented that the Picasso and Matisse of the art world relied on photography to complement their artistic praxis.

Today in the digital age photographers don't even both to compose in their cameras. Instead they point and shoot, and point and shoot and well ... waste not only their time but the time of others. I am reluctant to admit that modern day digital photography is a well-founded artistic praxis.

Many artists no long paint: now that there are software platforms that will take a digital photograph and render it as a painting. Recently out of curiosity I decided to experiment with this genre. I took some pictorials and rendered them as watercolors. I am interested in the tonal and textural nature of the works. Here are some of the pieces:







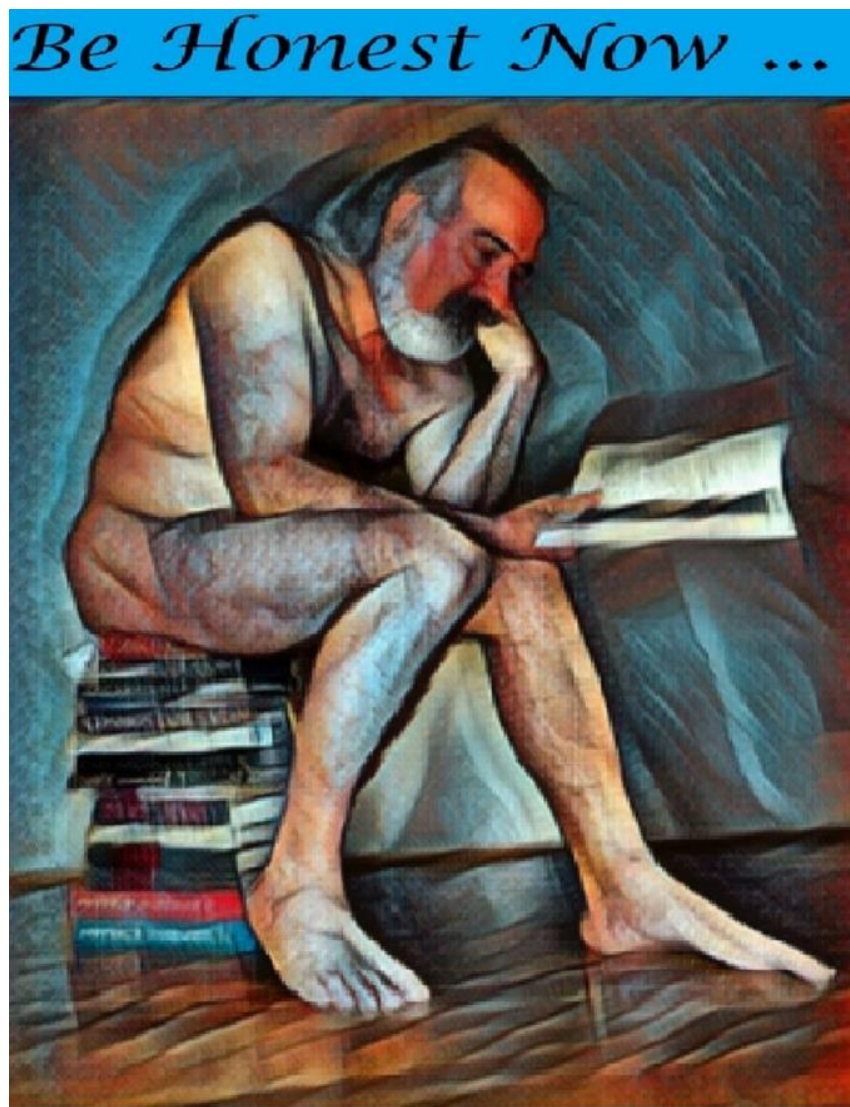






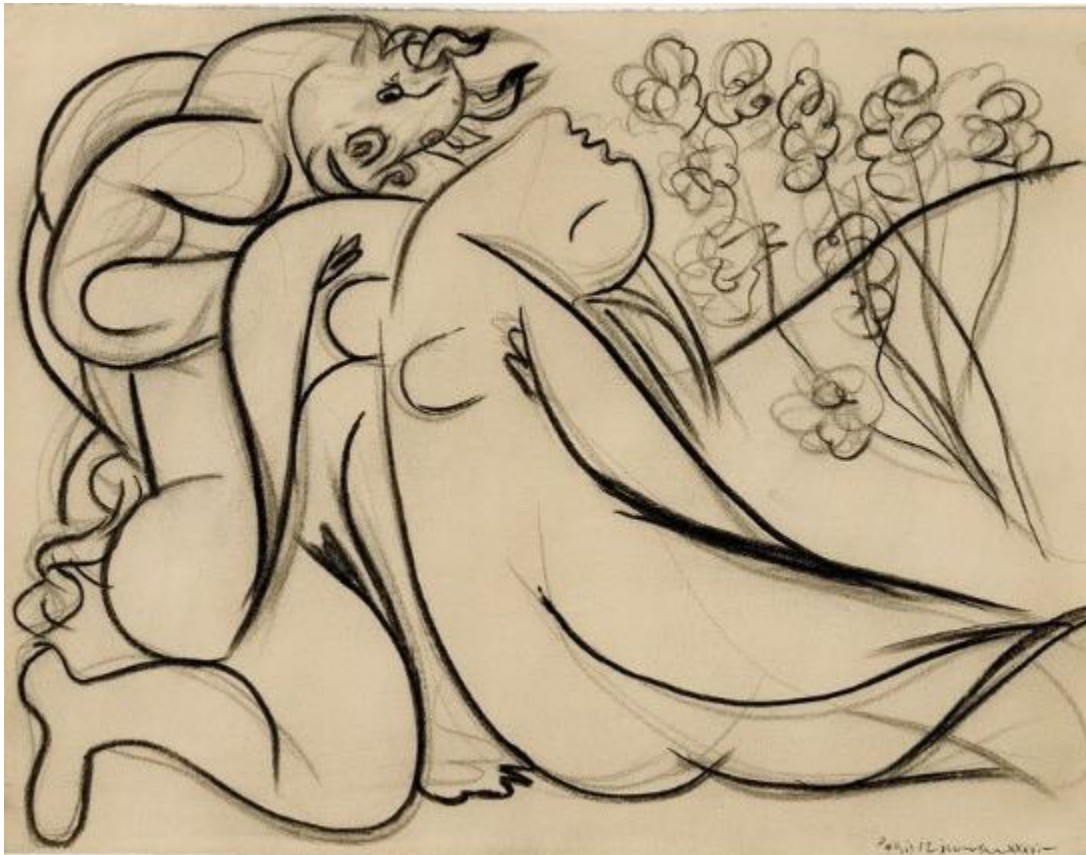


This is a rendering that was submitted to a poster contest in Europe.



Call for Minotaur Art

Le Minotaur Magazine invites our readers to send in their original Minotaur Art, to be featured on the cover or within our Magazine.



Send your submissions as either jpeg or as pdf and include an artist's statement of perhaps 200 words.

Pictorial: Want a Lick?



Prose

Colour through the Eyes of Fauvists by Yanfei Li

and by Patrick Bruskiewich

Colour plays a central role in art. Colour has been explored by many European artists, such as the Impressionists and Fauvists, and a growing number of Asian contemporary artists. Traditional Chinese art either relies on earthy colours and basic shades of black, red, green and blue or on a modest colour pallet. Contemporary Asian artists such as Fang Li Jun and Zeng Fan Zhi are exploring a more lively selection of colours, in some cases emulating the Impressionists and Fauvists.

The Central Importance of Colour in Contemporary Art

Colour has been a form of courageous artistic expression. The central importance of colour in modern art has been outlined by many European artists including the Swiss artist and Bauhaus teacher Johannes Itten in his book *The Elements of Colour*¹ (first published in German and later translated into English) which is a standard reference book for most Atelier trained artists. Itten's colour star, presented a century ago, was just one among many variations on the twelve-hue colour wheel that Bauhaus instructors and students developed.

In outlining a theory of colour, Johannes Itten identified seven fundamental categories of colour and colour contrast:¹

1. hue,
2. light-dark,
3. cold-warm,
4. complementary,
5. analogous,
6. saturation, and
7. extension.

Itten's colour star featured six concentric circles with twelve "meridians" radiating from their circumference. Each meridian line dissects the center of the circles to connect with its polar opposite in space, while Itten's "equatorial zone" displays the twelve pure colours from a classic twelve-hue colour wheel.

Itten represented several of these attributes in a Colour Star:



Fig. 1: Johannes Itten's Colour Star

Itten explained how the star could be used to study colour and its contrasts: ²

“Reading outward, we have the zones of tints, the zone of the pure hues [equatorial zone], and the two zones of shades, with black at the extreme points of the star.”

A contemporary and colleague of Itten, Paul Klee, developed a six-colour theory that began with the line and led, through mutations in direction and acceleration, toward the colour wheel.

Klee argues for the use of complementary colours to balance each other out. He also outlined the 'difficulty' of integrating the bold, fiery tones of yellow and violet together into an artwork.³ Paul Klee's colour theory closely matches how our eyes perceive colour.

Wassily Kandinsky arrived at the Bauhaus already a renowned expert on colour theory. Colour has been described in dynamic terms by Kandinsky – “Colour is a power which directly influences the soul.” Kandinsky's book *On the Spiritual in Art* established distinct emotional and spiritual associations between specific colours and forms, theorising these as general artistic principles.⁴

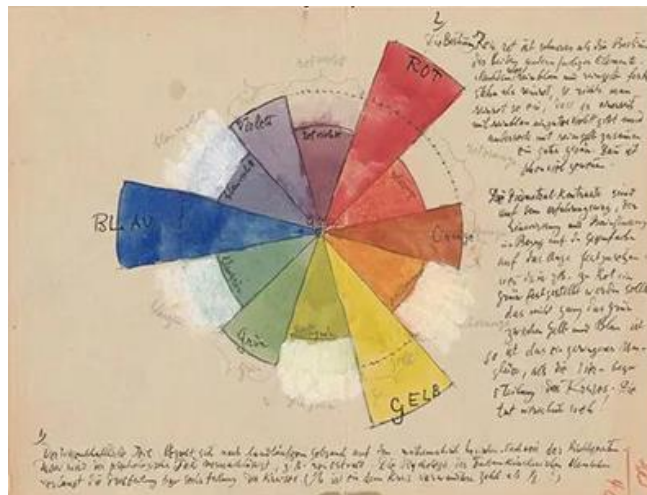


Fig. 2: Paul Klee's Six- Colour Wheel



Fig. 3: Georges Seurat, Les Modeles, 1888

In the 19th century a new theory of colour was presented by the pointillists or divisionists like George Seurat and his friend Camille Pissaro. The use of points of colour was a time consuming and somewhat problematic colour expression.

Another 19th century artist who had his own colour interpretation was Vincent van Gogh who is best remembered for his painting of Sunflowers, his self-portraits and his Starry Night which was inspired by a digitalis induced hallucination (he was under a doctor's care and being treated for a number of maladies, including type II diabetes).



Fig. 4: Starry Night, Vincent van Gogh, 1889

Vincent van Gogh painted *Starry Night* in 1889 during his incarceration at the asylum of Saint-Paul-de-Mausole near Saint-Rémy-de-Provence being treated for mental health issues. Van Gogh lived a privileged life in the hospital and was allowed more freedoms than most of the other patients. If accompanied by a staff member, he could leave the hospital grounds to paint. As an artist he was given a studio and allowed to paint. While in the asylum he suffered from paranoia and fits. He would later fall into depression and commit suicide. Van Gogh painted 35 self-portraits.

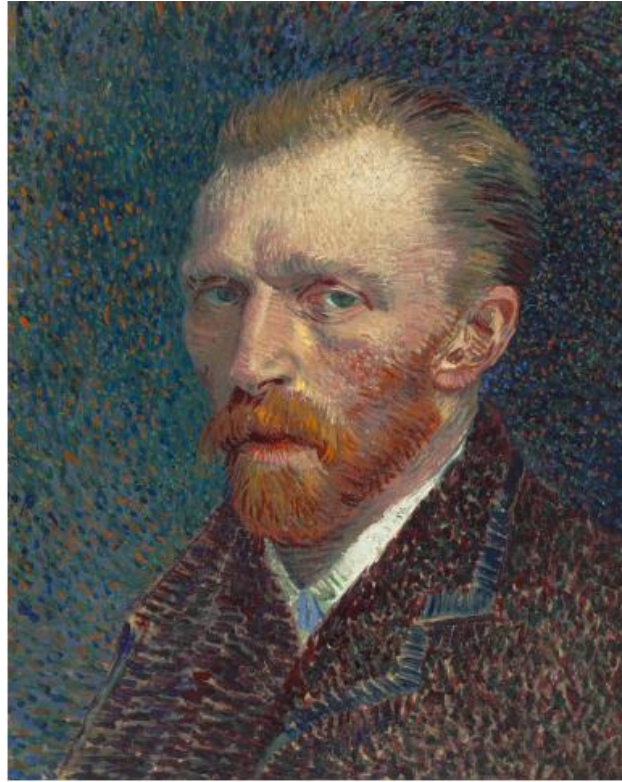


Fig. 5: Vincent van Gogh, Self-portrait 1887

Paul Klee is an artist who represents the colour expression of the German School. He is not as well-known as many of his contemporary, nor as controversial, but in the work of artistic praxis he is an artist that should be noted. One of his iconic works is *Senecio*.

Senecio is a painting in the cubist style and was done while Klee was teaching at the Bauhaus. In this simple painting you can see the full expression of Klee's colour theory.



Fig. 6: Paul Klee, Senecio, 1922

Colour was central to the work of one of the most influential artists of the 20th century Henri Matisse. He is considered the father of *Fauvism* – which is French for “beasts.” Fauvist artists broke away from traditional theories of colour as well as established impressionist methods in using colour in spectacular ways.

The mantra of the Fauvists was the wild experimenting of art and artistic form using exaggerated colours, composing their paintings based on “beastly” colour contrasts – hence the designation of Fauvism.

One of his most infamous painting is that of the Woman with a Hat a painting of his wife Amelie which was exhibited in the *Salome D’Automne* 1905.



Fig. 7: Henri Matisse, Woman With a Hat, 1905

This is the painting which would make Henri Matisse a Fauvist.⁵

Colour in Traditional Chinese Art

Colour plays a central role in Traditional Chinese Art. In Traditional Chinese Art there are five central colours: Black, Red, Quing, White and Yellow. In terms of Chinese Metaphysics these five colours represent water, fire, wood, metal and Earth. They also represented points on a compass and have their own meaning. Other colours were consider lesser colours.⁶

Colour	Represents	Compass	Meaning
Black	Water	North	A neutral colour
Red	Fire	South	Good fortune and Joy
Qing	Wood	East	Health, prosperity and Harmony
White	Metal	West	Brightness, purity and fulfillment
Yellow	Earth	Center	Beautiful and prestigious colour

Table 1: Traditional Chinese Colours

In terms of the colours yellow represents the center of the colour compass.



Fig. 8: Traditional Chinese Colours and Meanings

The five traditional Chinese colours can be found in the flag of the Qing Dynasty



Fig. 9: Flag of the Qing Dynasty (1636 – 1912)

Colour and Two Chinese Contemporary Artists

Let us consider the contemporary Chinese artist Fang Li Jun.

Fang Li Jun is a Chinese artist who is one of the leading members of Cynical Realism cultural movement in 1990s China, where artists created unconventional and bold artworks that convey deeper messages. In his artwork, bright & drastically contrasting colour as well as unique looking figures are often utilised. The artwork shown in Fig. 10, named “2016”, is a woodblock print that was created and displayed for Fang’s 2017 “This All Too Human World” exhibition. It features bald, yellow shaded figures looking up, with expressions ranging from concern, confusion, anger, fear, to hope or even happiness.⁷



Fig. 10: '2016' by Fang Li Jun

His careful selection of colour is apparent in this artwork. Excluding the shading & outlining, there are only 5 main colours used. Yellow as the skin of the figures, green, black, blue and red for the clothes of the figures. The yellow used is saturated, vibrant and bright, while the green, black, blue and red are cooler toned and look faded. This creates a large contrast in the painting that draws the attention of the viewers onto the faces. This saturated yellow colour also produces a strain on the viewer's eyes, resulting in an uncomfortable feeling that Fang wants to portray.

To further push his message for people to rebel and seek truth & freedom, almost everything else on the piece is a cool tone. This creates an active &

passive contrast, where the yellow faces are active, loud, and attract attention, and the other colours are passive, quieter, and easily ignored. With this contrast, Fang forces the viewer's attention onto the faces of the bald figures, making them feel uneasy and wanting to look away while not being able to.

The cultural significance in the colour yellow is that yellow symbolises colour and the “center” in traditional Chinese art. In ancient China, the colour yellow is only reserved for the emperor to use and wear.

Fang's drastic use of colour fits into the experimental style of fauvists, as does his purpose and intention behind his artworks.

A second contemporary Chinese artist who has a refined colour sense is Zeng Fan Zhi.⁸

As a contemporary Chinese artist inspired by international forces like Pablo Picasso and by traditional Chinese art, Zeng Fan Zhi uses vivid colours and complex brushwork in his paintings. His art style constantly evolves based on his physical and emotional environment, and his work often possesses calculated expressionist techniques, symbolism and emotional directness. The artwork shown above is named “Van Gogh III” and is part of his Van Gogh exhibition, which was displayed at the Van Gogh museum in Amsterdam.



Fig. 11: Van Gogh III, Zeng Fan Zhi

The work is a tribute to Van Gogh's Self-Portrait with Bandaged Ear and Pipe, as Zeng paints expressive brushstrokes & uses pops of colour as a signature of his own art style. In this artwork, there's only a few primary colours used, predominantly green, red, blue, yellow, black and white. Zeng expresses his emotions and his artistic intention with this wild usage of colour. While the brushstrokes contour the outline of the self-portrait, it also adds complexity and layers onto the artwork, creating a more hectic and invigorating piece.

Though Zeng does not have a large range of control over the colours of this piece since it's based on Van Gogh's self-portrait, he has liberty in choosing the light colours that he used for the brushstrokes he added on top of the portrait. This creates a contrast between the front and back layers of the painting, since the back layers use dimmer colours as to the front layers that use comparatively lighter colours.

Zeng Fan Zhi's artistic praxis is in flux as he explores several themes and concepts.

Conclusion

In contemporary China there is a tug of war between traditional artistic sensibilities regarding colour and modern ones. To use bright colours outside of the social contract in present day China can lend a rebellious patina to contemporary art. It can also lead to censure and criticism. To some degree this criticism mirrors the criticism that may have once been leveled towards the Impressionists and Fauvists.

It will be interesting to see how the colour pallet among contemporary Chinese artists may evolve during the 21st century. Perhaps this evolution will mirror the evolution of colour sensibilities among the Impressionists and Fauvists during the last century. Only time and courageous artistic expression will tell.

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La Vie de Boheme by Samuel Putnam

{ Chapter Three: Paris Was Our Mistress }

Back in the Montparnasse of the 1880's and the 1890's there was a picturesque figure by the name of Alfred Jarry. To most readers outside of France he is not even a name, but every cultivated Frenchman is acquainted with the one masterpiece that this indubitable genius produced: the right Rabelaisian playlet, *Ubu Roi*, which is properly regarded as the outstanding modern work in the tradition of Rabelais, but which, by reason of its utter untranslatability, has remained practically unknown to the world at large. It was, however, for his vivid personality and the colorful "Bohemian" life he led as much as for the four or five books he wrote that he was noted, just as Verlaine was for his absinthe verte or Baudelaire had been for his green beard and his *Venus noire*. The Jarry anecdotes are innumerable, but there is one in particular that would seem to hold a moral for those that look for it

Living in one of the suburbs (Puteaux, I believe it was), Jarry was in the habit of returning home every night, no matter what the hour or what the quality or quantity of the wine he had imbibed, upon his trusty bicycle. One evening, having become sufficiently exhilarated at the *heure de Vaperitif* and perceiving that it looked like rain, he decided to make an early start; but he had not gone far when he was caught in the downpour. Now, as it happened, he had on a pair of new shoes that day and did not fancy the idea of getting them wet; so he stopped and took them off, then mounted again and resumed his homeward way. A good housewife who had come out upon a balcony for

some purpose or other caught sight of him and stood staring open-mouthed. With matronly solicitude, she called down to him: “You poor young man, have you no shoes?” Pedaling vigorously along, Alfred shouted back: “Don’t let it worry you, Madame. I have some nicely polished ones in my pocket.”

I have hinted that there is a moral to the tale. There is. On no subject, perhaps, has there been a greater amount of sentimental nonsense written than on that of the so-called “vie de Boheme.” Henri Murger has much to answer for! He, you may recall, was the penniless youth who, after having served a literary apprenticeship as Count Tolstoy’s secretary, arrived at the conclusion that writers and artists like himself should secede from society and form a country of their own to be called “Bohemia.” Had not his *Scenes de la Vie de Boheme* reached the operatic stage as Puccini’s *La Boheme*, the damage might not have been so extensive; but as it is, the sorrows of Mimi have created a myth and a tradition, a myth that is constantly tending to take on life but never quite does.

The thing may be said to have started on an evening in 1830 when Theophile Gautier appeared at the premiere of Victor Hugo’s *Hernani* wearing his flaming red vest. It certainly started with the mid-century romantics and their revolt against the cramping confines of bourgeois life; whence the red vest, the green beard, the hashish, the dusky Venus, and all the rest. The French say: *e-pater le bourgeois*; and this business of shocking the staid middle-class citizen has been going on for more than a hundred years. Just why the Left Bank and the boulevard du Montparnasse should have come to be the habitat of the tribe might be a bit hard to explain; one would have to explain why it

is that Parisian intellectual life in general has so largely tended to center there. In any event, it was upon one of these terraces that Verlaine sat and sipped his absinthe:

J'ai bu ce soir une absinthe verte ...

and there are still old-timers about the Quarter who his staggering home when he had had his fill. Today it is pernod, but the place remains Montparnasse. Montmartre had its day—in the early part of the century, when Picasso, Braque, Derain, and others were laying the foundations of Cubism—but it is back to Montparnasse that they seem to gravitate. Not even Picasso can stay away entirely.

In a preceding paragraph I have spoken of the “business” of shocking the bourgeoisie, and a business it has long since become so far as the bourgeois himself is concerned. The latter’s first reaction—in the 1850’s, let us say—may have been one of shocked surprise, but he very soon came to view the matter much as the housewife did as she watched the barefoot Jarry upon his bicycle: “You poor young man !” For these denizens of Bohemia were poor, very poor indeed, as a rule. And it did not take the canny bourgeois long to discover how the picturesque poverty of the real artists might be advantageously exploited.

Thanks to ha Bohbne and similar works, many persons doubtless still think of life in a place like Montparnasse or Greenwich Village as a round of gay, carefree revels interlarded with a little soul-satisfying labor on the part of the

artist or writer. Legends have grown up which tend to perpetuate this conception, such as that of the kindly, whimsical Pere Tanguy, where Cezanne used to leave his canvases to be sold at prices that brought him anywhere from eight to twenty dollars apiece. Most of us do not know that Renoir's "Jeune fille dans un jardin" netted the painter six dollars, while his "Pont du chateau" earned for him eight dollars. When the same artist's "Vue du Pont-Neuf" brought as high as sixty dollars, this was looked upon as a fabulous sum; twenty dollars for "La Source" was nearer an average ; yet before the end of the century this last-mentioned canvas was to be resold for \$14,000!

Such is the not-so-romantic background to *la vie de Boheme*. It was when we Americans began arriving in the 1920's that a new form of commercialism sprang up alongside the older variety. The artist, especially the painter, was still exploited pretty much as always. In the past, this exploitation had been, so to speak, between one Frenchman and another; but now that the postwar influx of newcomers from all over Europe and the Americas, and above all, from that "land of gold," the United States, had set in, there were cafes, bars, restaurants, brothels, to be opened to cater to this new clientele. And so it is not strange if Montparnasse came to take on somewhat the aspect of the new and gaudy Montmartre—never quite so bad as that, it is true, but with a distinct air of showmanship about it nonetheless. The little bistro kept by two brothers at the corner of the boulevard Raspail and the boulevard du Montparnasse must be enlarged into the present cafe du Dome; the cafe Select had to undergo a transformation of atmosphere; and not many years later the big and almost painfully modern Coupole was to open its doors. The Rotonde alone, a good deal less populous than it once had been, clung persistently to

the character it had won for itself as a place where one could sit and think and be alone with his sorrows. It seemed that there now were few who cared to be alone—who wished to think?—in the noisy, crowded place that the Quarter had become. I do not know how it was in the early 'twenties; those who came over then tell me that a good deal of the old Montparnasse lingered on; but by the time I arrived in the middle of the decade, what with the ever-increasing third-class-tourist trade and “exiles” coming in by the boatload, the scene had begun to assume the appearance of a Bohemia made to order, with a suave proprietor in the background, rubbing his hands in unctuous satisfaction and keeping a watchful eye on “la caisse.”

This was the Montparnasse that most of the expatriates found; for the bulk of the migration came from 1925 to 1930. Beneath it all a very real artistic and intellectual life went on; but the workers tended more and more to retire to the Odeon or some other quiet quarter, to the suburbs, or to the provinces, while toward the end a number of what might be described as runaway colonies were to spring up, in Majorca, Cagnes-sur-Mer, Mirmande, and elsewhere. Few, however, were able to tear themselves away completely from the carrefour Vavin, which remained the exiles' crossroads and meeting place; and down in Provence in the late afternoon one would suddenly feel an irresistible impulse and would board an overnight train to breakfast at the Dome.

Since the Hotel Raspail (which, incidentally, was very respectable) had been recommended to us, my wife and I without any intention on our part found ourselves thrown into the midst of it all. We did not stay there long but soon moved to a suburb. Suresnes, Seaux, Fontenay-aux-Roses—each in turn was

to be home to us. In 1930, when I became associate editor of *This Quarter*, we came back to Paris and, after a brief sojourn in the rue La Grange, down near Notre Dame and the Sorbonne, we took an apartment for one hectic season at Number 8, rue Delambre, practically above Lou Wilson's Dingo bar of *The Sun Also Rises* fame; it was also a few steps from the Dôme and directly back of the Coupole kitchen, which used to provide us with an orchestral accompaniment of rattling dishes. Later, we moved to the edge of the midi, dug in at Mirmande in the Drome, in the ancient province of Dauphine, and I became a house-owner and taxpayer at a cost of three thousand francs, or about a hundred and twenty dollars in American money. But like all the rest of them, I would find myself catching that train for Paris, and my first words to the chauffeur at the gare would be: "Carrefour Vavin."

I will leave it to some future social-psychologist, who was not there, to explain just what the hold was that Montparnasse had on us: those two or three squares centering about the intersection of the boulevards. Why did the "exiles" tend to gather here in this garish environment, with so much that was palpably false about it, to associate almost exclusively with other Americans and grow in upon themselves? Any satisfactory answer to this question would have to take into account the general atmosphere of postwar disillusionment which for Americans was given a literary expression in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, published in the fall of 1926. This novel, as Gertrude Stein well perceived, summed up the self-sensed hopelessness of a generation. If you couldn't throw the bottle, you could always drink from it, as Hemingway put it. And drink they did. It was not the first time that a book had been transmuted into real life. What of Werther and his sorrows? The creator of Werther did

not commit suicide, but many of his youthful readers felt that such an act was the logical corollary to his work. Having put the theme into literature, Hemingway was now edging away from the setting he had described and was hard at work down in the Saint-Germain quarter even as, in the Dingo, young Americans just over were doing their best to imitate Jake and his “let’s have an- other one” friends. Yet he would drift back now and then; and so would we all, for sheer and facile relaxation or on the chance of meeting someone worth while.

The Sun Also Rises may in fact be said to mark the point of cleavage between the earlier and the later batch of “exiles,” by embalming in a work of fiction which was to become a modern classic the spirit that animated those who came in 1921 or shortly after. It was a literary post-mortem. Many of the original emigres had been in the war or at least had fought and lost the battle of America that followed; whereas those who arrived in the late ’twenties were, frequently, of a still younger, unscarred generation—unscarred, that is to say, by anything other than the prosperity-crazed America of Calvin Coolidge, the America that preceded the crash of 1929. These latter had no great disillusionment to drown, they were not rebels, and often they were not genuine writers or artists and scarcely pretended to be. Paris at twenty-five francs to the dollar had become a “cheapie” a far more exciting place to live than Greenwich Village with its bathtub gin and prohibition prices. It was “expatriates” such as these that availed themselves of the Hemingway tradition, claiming a heritage that was not rightfully theirs.

It would, however, be slanderous if one were to convey the impression that all Americans in the Paris of the later 'twenties were of this sort. What I have been trying to say all along is that the scene was a decidedly mixed one; and it was this very fact that lent it its garish colors and its peculiar fascination. There were many hard workers in the American colony, on both banks of the river. Ford Madox Ford had published Hemingway's *Torrents of Spring* and given impulse to a new and vital literary movement through the pages of his *Transatlantic Review*. A new and earnest group was coming up around transition, edited by Eugene Jolas and Elliot Paul; and in the next half-dozen years there were to be other magazines, schools of art, and literary-artistic manifestations of various sorts. The little box of a Dingo might be packing the tourists in nightly, tighter than the proverbial sardine; but some of us did manage to get some work done even after our friend Jimmy the Barman had forsaken Lou Wilson to open a place (or places, one after another) of his own.

On the Right Bank, in the neighborhood of the place de l'Opera, there were the industrious newspapermen: John Gunther, in charge of the Chicago Daily News office, Bill Bird of the New York Sun, and others. At that time I was doing a Paris art letter for the News, and used to drop in to see Gunther occasionally. I was impressed not only by his industry but by his dignity, his assurance, his serious and intelligent interest in the European political and social scene. He would give a party at his home now and then, but it would be very different from those of the Quarter. The same was true of Bird and most of the other men I met. It was true, also, of the best men on the Paris staffs of the New York Herald and the Chicago Tribune. On the latter paper was Waverley Root, who was later to write *The Secret History of the War* (the

Second World War), and who was then conducting a literary page. Elliot Paul, at first literary editor and then city editor of the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune, was seldom seen around the Dôme but belonged rather to the transition group of the place de l'Odeon quarter; he was one American who mingled with the French and had a passionate desire to know them. There was Ruth Harris, art correspondent of the New York Times, for whom I sometimes substituted, and there were Archibald MacLeish, Glenway Wescott, Bravig Imbs, George Antheil, and others, all of whom kept very much to themselves, the majority of Montparnassians not even being aware of their presence.

Within its own vaguely precise boundaries the Quarter had a social-artistic life quite apart from the cafes. This life centered in certain salons. When I first came to Paris, it was to the studio apartment of Ford Madox Ford and Stella Bowen that those Americans went who were fortunate enough to be invited and who cared to listen to the one-time collaborator of Conrad and discoverer of D. H. Lawrence as he reminisced of his yesterdays or discussed, with equal enthusiasm, the new and promising talents of today for which he was constantly on the watch. By reason of the Transatlantic Review and his having published Hemingway, Ford rather dominated the picture at the moment, and, being kindly disposed and wholly free of literary snobbishness, liked to gather about him those who had some respect for writing as an art with a great and noble tradition behind it. Later, after he and Stella Bowen had parted company, he started his Thursday afternoons and his much-talked-of sonnet-writing evenings, while Stella threw open her studio to British and American painters, writers, and others.

It was at her place one afternoon that I had the privilege of a private lecture from Edith Sitwell on the subject of Rabelais. When informed by our hostess that this was the field in which I was working, Miss Sitwell had exclaimed: “I’m so glad to meet a scholar. I greatly prefer them to writers. I’m so tired of literary people! And now, do tell me all about Rabelais.” Whereupon, she told me all about him.

There were other studios and drawing rooms that served as gathering places. One was the Montparnasse apartment of Bill and Mary Widney, where one was always likely to find some of the transition crowd or the monocled Tristan Tzara, founder of Dada, and a young French Surrealist or two. The Widneys were charming and intelligent hosts and they and their cocktail parties were popular. Lee Hersch the painter and his wife Virginia, the novelist (one of Ford’s discoveries), gave interesting evenings at which one might meet almost anyone from the American colony, while over on the Ile- Saint-Louis the Marvin Lowenthals had a serious-minded intellectual circle of their own. And Ossip Zadkine, the Russianborn sculptor, who speaks English beautifully and who for this reason was a friend of the Anglo-American contingent, would often have us in of an afternoon to view his work and talk of art with his French and Russian confreres. The conversation here was polyglot, witty, and rapid-fire, keyed to Zadkine’s own quick-tensioned personality.

When the Surrealists congregated by themselves at the cocktail hour, it was often at the home of Bernard Fay, a professor at the Sorbonne then becoming known in America as the biographer of Franklin and Washington. In view of

his choice of these democratic subjects, it seems strange that he should later have become a collaborator of the Nazis during their occupation of Paris, being appointed by them to the post of director of the Bibliotheque Nationale. I do not think that any of us could have been brought to believe that such a thing was possible, for Fay then appeared to be deeply and sincerely in love with the American democratic ideal. I can see him yet, a little crippled man hobbling up to my table at the Deux-Magots. Like Louis Aragon, he spoke an English that would put the average American to shame, and he would talk fluently of his latest young protegee; for I was acting at the time as a kind of unofficial scout for the publishing house of Covici-Friede

I do recall that it struck me as a little strange that Fay's interests should be, apparently, about evenly divided between the heroes of our American Revolution and the frivolous-capering Surrealists. There was something a little incongruous about it, for both were real passions with him. The Surrealists were forever at war among themselves, but in Fay's apartment the orthodox ones and the secessionists got along well enough together. It was a weird assemblage, speaking a weirder idiom. It was not that the language was surrealistic in character; both the actions and the speech of the guests reminded me, rather, of American homosexuals.

In the meantime, the one real salon in all Paris, possibly in all the world, in the eighteenth-century meaning of the term, was that kept by Nathalie Barney in the rue Jacob. Miss Barney was the Cincinnati, Ohio, girl who, arriving in France in the early years of the century, became the close friend of the late Remy de Gourmont, to whom he wrote the Letters to the Amazon. It was to

her place that Proust used to come, as Valery, Gide, and others of the older generation still did. Miss Barney at this period was engaged in preparing a collection of letters sent her by famous writers, with a view to publication in book form. On a recent visit to England, she had spoken of the matter to Aldington, and he had brought us together with an eye to the American market.

She was good enough to ask me to her afternoons, and there I found a setting that made me think at once of what I had read in my youth of Madame de Stael and Miss Barney's other illustrious predecessors. There was the grace, the wit, the dignified abandon—everything but the powdered perukes – which, so I imagined, must have characterized the salons of a former day. France's leading men of letters, Academicians, members of the Institute, Sorbonne professors, beautiful ladies, even a stray countess or two, were present, with the hostess to all appearances playing an unobtrusive role, although it was obvious that the "Amazon" was the center around whom all revolved. One had the feeling that this was not by any means due solely to her long association with de Gourmont, but rather was to be accounted for by the charm of her own personality, her swift intelligence, her ready and at times biting wit, her warm graciousness.

There was, certainly, nothing in America to compare with the rue Jacob, unless it was Muriel Draper's Thursday afternoons in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, and there—well, the aged-in-the-wood atmosphere of the Academy, the Sorbonne, the Prousts, the Gides, the Valerys, was lacking.

On the afternoon that I first visited Miss Barney's, Paul Valdry, being absent, was the subject of conversation and there were some very sharp comments. It was commonly conceded in literary circles around Paris that Miss Barney had very largely "made" Valery in the first place; for reputations, I found, were still being fashioned in salons like this, and what you heard in the drawing room one day you would not be surprised to read a day or two later in *LeFigaro*, *Le Temps*, *Le Matin*, or *Les Nouvelles Utteraires*. But now it seemed that M. Valery, following his elevation to the Academy, was becoming a bit too sententious for Miss Barney's taste, and rumor had it that she was about to "unmake" him. After a number of typically Gallic two-edged remarks had been tossed about, including a few in damning defense of the absent one. Miss Barney spoke up. "Le pauvre!" she exclaimed, and quickly added: "By the way, have you read So-and-So's latest—?" I suspected then that what I had heard was true; and as a matter of fact, Valery's reputation—in Paris—did take a sudden drop for a while.

My most amusing memory of Miss Barney's has to do with a certain elderly savant of the Sorbonne, a little birdlike fellow with a peaked gray beard who was bent on staying young. Among the guests was an exceptionally beautiful woman of the kind that radiates sex, and the aged Sorbonnist, whose lecture-room was a famous one, was getting more than his share of the refractions. He was like an old horse turned out to pasture that is trying to be a colt once more. He capered and cavorted, literally danced around the lady, who led him on most expertly, to the vast delight of everybody present. The conversation that accompanied all this as the professor made his whinnying exit was one

whose subtle Rabelaisian quality Remy de Gourmont himself would have appreciated.

It is probably safe to say that a large majority of Americans in the Quarter, or, as far as that goes, in Paris, had never so much as heard of Miss Barney and her salon. Pound and Aldington, who had known de Gourmont and were her friends, would look in when they were in town; Ford, Pierre Loving, and perhaps one or two others went there; but to the English-speaking colony in general the rue Jacob was as remote as all things French outside the bistro, the cafe, and the concierge, of their daily lives—as foreign to them as was Gallic culture as a whole: the literature, the art, the scholarship, the thinking of the country where they had chosen to take up their residence. How many of them, I wondered, had even heard of de Gourmont, much less read his work; yet at the time of his death, a little more than a decade before, he had been one of the most famous of modern writers.

The Americans were a good deal more likely to prefer such a “salon” as that kept by the Countess M – The “Countess” was one of Montparnasse’s outstanding characters. She was supposed to be of the Italian nobility, and if I put her title in quotation marks, it is not that we especially doubted her lineage; it is simply that none of us had ever seen her escutcheon nor did anyone care so long as she continued to serve good Scotch. She may very well have been a real countess, for we had seen other ladies whom we knew to be entitled to such a distinction—the Baroness Elsa, for example, friend of Margaret Anderson, Jane Heap, and the Little Review coterie — who in their way were quite as scatterbrained as she. Italian she assuredly was, as her

swarthy complexion and her accent showed, and she had about her an air of distinguished dowdiness that reminded me of the late Mrs. Potter Palmer.

The Countess and her mysterious consort, who was rumored to be a captain of the Scottish Highlanders but whom we had decided to call Sam, were invariably short of funds; but that, too, was by no means out of keeping with the peerage or with a certain type of the military from across the Channel. And this little circumstance did not prevent the pair from giving, in their migratory apartment, what were, perhaps, the most lavish and the most outlandish parties the Quarter had ever seen. Lavish, that is to say, in a certain sense. There was sure to be champagne and caviar in the drawing room—the supply of these items was mysterious and unfailing—but out in the kitchen the Countess might be arguing with a trades- man over credit for a loaf of bread or two or a pound of

For she had a scheme for financing the menage which sometimes worked and sometimes didn't and more often went with hitches. This scheme was the laudable one of making well-to-do Americans of the Right Bank and the tourist variety pay for the entertainment, and not infrequently the temporary board and lodging (a place to sleep against the wall), of "*les pauvres artistes*," meaning those whom she saw around the Dôme every day and who, she took for granted, must be as short of money as she and the captain were, in which assumption she was usually right.

I have neglected to mention that the Countess M was a painter of sorts, specializing in portraits of those she thought could pay for them. Some of her

efforts were surprisingly good, with a kind of unstriven-for Douanier Rousseau naivete, but most of them were pretty terrible. She would “do” a portrait from memory (as Baudelaire once recommended) and without the knowledge of the “sitter,” who would be shown the work of art the next time he called and at the same time would be informed that he “owed” the sum of 2,500 francs or whatever the traffic would bear. Occasionally there were protests, but usually not. The Countess knew her “patrons”—all too well in many cases. They were, commonly, moneyed dabblers in an overnight Bohemia who preferred to keep the “thrilling,” the “exciting,” experience wholly separate from their Right Bank or transatlantic existences; and they would accordingly pay without too much demurring. They would pay, and for a short while, a very short while, there would be bread and coffee to go with the champagne and caviar.

I recall one early morning when we all fell asleep around the Countess’s “studio,” propped against the wall as was our custom. As I dropped off, I had a hazy vision of our hostess engaged in earnest and voluble conversation with Abraham Lincoln Gillespie, who at the moment was the latest discovery of Eugene Jolas and transition and whose “works” were creating a sensation on the Left Bank, where he was a well-known figure. A Philadelphia high school teacher until he was tossed on his head in an automobile accident, Gillespie had ever since been talking like the “Work in Progress”—the nearest available comparison—and had recently begun to write in a manner that made Joyce at his most Joycean appear disconcertingly pellucid. Jolas, naturally, could not let such a find as this escape him

And now, here they were, Line and the Countess, standing in front of the latter's most recent canvas as she explained it to him in sputtering Italian, a language he did not understand, while he gave her his "criticism" in Gillespie-ese, which no one could understand. They were getting along swimmingly, each with champagne glass in hand ; and when I was awakened some hours later by a midday sun streaming through the window, the first thing I saw was a pair of very crossed eyes staring at me from the other side of the room. Line was sleeping with his eyes open as he always

Speaking of our nobility ... There was the "Duke of Montparnasse," the tall and impressive Billy West, who, dressed in the most impeccable Park Avenue manner, not infrequently in formal afternoon or evening attire, would saunter up and down the Boulevard past the terraces. The elegant, prosperous, affable "Duke" was our link with that American-international sporting world of the Right Bank of which we knew so little, most of us. Today, he will be found in the artists' colony at Woodstock, N.Y., where he is proprietor of the "Chateau Montparnasse."

Nor should one forget the Russian "Princess" who went by the name of Maria de Naglowska. Founder and sole member of a mystic cult, with weird neo-Egyptian rites, she would sit in the cafe Rotonde by the hour, reading from her own "sacred scriptures" to an "apostle" or two—that is to say, someone who had been unable to elude her—and then would go off into a most realistic trance. Her little publication, *La Flèche*, which she peddled around Montparnasse, had to do with new forms of "ecstasy," "body dynamics," and the like. She also spoke of dark mysteries which were celebrated on the

Christian Sabbath. Talk to her a little while and you would discover that, like so many others about the Quarter, she was running away from something. In her case it was “those terrible Bolsheviks.”

Meanwhile, in the Dôme across the street, sat Ilya Ehrenburg, the Bolshevik journalist.

There was, in short, never any lack of “characters” among us. One of the best known and most popular of these was Jimmy the Barman, whom many of us saw every night in the week. A one-time pugilist from Liverpool, he had started as a bartender and then had set up in business for himself. Happy, generous, unbelievably guileless in the matter of credit, he was constantly going bankrupt and opening again in a new location, to which the entire Quarter would flock for more free drinks at the “Grand Opening.” It was only when, after closing hours at his own place, he had imbibed a little too much at the Dôme that he became bellicose, and then presumably just to see if he had retained his fighting form. (He usually discovered that he hadn’t.) The next day he would show up without his shoe-laces, and we would all know that the gendarmes had had to provide him with a lodging for the night. The shoe-laces were removed to keep prisoners from hanging themselves, and Jimmy’s never could be found; there was a rumor to the effect that someone had bribed an agent and was making a collection of them. Invariably good-natured when sober and behind the bar, he would put up with any amount of ribbing on the subject from Herbert Gorman, Bob McAlmon, E. E. Cummings, or any of the other regulars.

I have met a good many barmen in my time, but I have never known another Jimmy. When a customer became impossibly obstreperous, our friend from Liverpool, who had borne everything with the utmost patience up to that point, would reach across the mahogany with a professional haymaker and put the fellow to sleep, as gently and as painlessly as possible; after which, he would go out in front of the bar, pick the chap up, dust him off, and—as soon as the victim had regained consciousness—apologize to him. He then would call a taxi, with directions to the chauffeur to see the man safely home, and to top it all, would pay the fare ! Is it any wonder that we loved him?

Later, under the title of *This Must Be the Place* (the tourist's customary remark as he sought out the rendezvous), Jimmy was to publish his ghost-written memoirs, which, with an introduction by Ernest Hemingway, were to have a very respectable selling success both in England and in America.

As Hemingway has pointed out, Jimmy the Barman, like Kiki, the famous Latin Quarter model, in reality marks the saddening end of an era whose gaiety was always vastly over-estimated. Kiki was another of our personages. She has told her story in her own inimitable way in a small volume of reminiscences which was published in my translation (again with Hemingway as the preface-writer) some seventeen years ago. It is the story of more than one Parisian girl of the poorest class who, wavering between the life of a slavey (*maid-servant*) and that of a prostitute, chances to drift within the orbit of the artists' world and there becomes a Montparnasse variety of queen. For the attainment of this distinction, personality is a good deal more important than mere looks. While Kiki in her prime had a face with which painters and

photographers could achieve many effects, including a weird kind of beauty, she was certainly far from the American conception of what a model should be. Her figure, for one thing, especially as she grew older, was inclined to be dumpy; but she made up for it by a vitality and vivaciousness, a seemingly naive yet not so naive wit, and a genuine talent—she turned out to be quite a good painter, herself—that won her an unquestioned place in the annals of the Ateliers.

She had first come into prominence by posing for Man Ray, the American-born photographer, but Pascin, Foujita, Kisling, Derain, practically all the leading modernists, had been her employers at one time or another and all were extremely fond of her. It was she who held the center of the stage at studio parties and at the cafe table. I especially remember her at cocktail time in the Coupole bar, with Andre Derain sadistically amusing himself by kicking the stool out from under her, a performance which he repeated almost nightly.

Jimmy the Barman and Kiki were, however, comparatively normal types in the Montparnasse of the 1920's, where eccentricity was the rule and every college boy over for the summer felt that he had to grow a soulful beard, to be shaved off the coming fall, upon his return to the campus. Every kind of garment was in evidence, and only the ultra-conventional stood out. It was a veritable House of all Nations, this: Frenchmen, Americans, Englishmen, Germans, Scandinavians, Spaniards, Italians, Russians, Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians, Czechs, South Americans. And for some reason, each nation appeared to have contributed its most extraordinary specimens.

There were, for example, the eight blond Icelandic giants who every night in the week were to be seen standing solemnly at the Dôme bar (au zinc), exchanging not a word, staring straight in front of them, and drinking themselves into a state of apparent rigidity; whereupon, with the precise motions of automatons, they would stalk out the door and into the night, down the boulevard du Montparnasse—to their studios, we assumed, for they were said to be painters: that was all that anyone knew about them.

And then, there was Aleister Crowley, from out the fogs of London—or was it Scotland, where it was rumored that he owned an estate? The author of the *Diary of a Drug Fiend*, sometimes known as “606,” used to parade around the Quarter with his head shaved, save for a waxed forelock which he called “the mark of Buddha” or his “Kling-Klong.” A pudgy man of fifty or thereabouts, he was addicted to kilts and plus-fours. His numerous specialties included black magic and devil-worship, alchemy, and hypnotism, and he would gravely announce a “revival of Satanism” as a literary school. He liked to tell of his orgies, which we believed were more imaginary than real. It was said that his bedroom was filled with mirrors, that he might never lose sight of himself. In addition to writing (his *Memoirs* sold for something like two pounds the copy under the counter in England), he painted a little and for a while was employed in this capacity by the French government, until they parted company at the government’s suggestion. Wambly Bald, the Montparnasse chronicler of those days, whose imagination far exceeds Crowley’s own, informs me that Aleister’s best canvas was one bearing the title “Three Men Carrying a Black Goat Across the Snow to Nowhere.”

Mysticism (or pseudo-mysticism), freakishness, aestheticism, sex, went hand in hand on the Rive Gauche. There was Raymond Duncan, Isadora's brother, who with his disciples went about in Greek toga and sandals and who conducted a well paying school in which painting, eurythmics, and similar subjects were taught; while out at suburban Fontainebleau was a Turkish mystic by the name of Gurdjieff, who was supposed to have taught the great Ouspensky all that the author of *Tertium Organum* really knew. American society women would go there and pay a handsome fee for the privilege of scrubbing the floors, carting heavy loads of brick about the grounds, and engaging in other forms of manual drudgery, for the good of their fourth-dimensional souls; and when they had completed these tasks, they were rewarded by being subtly and metaphysically insulted by the Master at dinner, after which they would be entertained with a variety of music and dancing that was almost literally "out of this world."

A. R. Orage, the well known British man of letters and editor of the *New Statesman*, was associated with the Fontainebleau colony and helped to confer respectability upon the cult, while Gorham B. Munson gave it publicity in America. It was, accordingly, not strange if similar groups began to spring up in Montparnasse, with Margaret Anderson, Jane Heap, Mark Turbyfill, and others of the *Little Review* starting a "Gurdjieff Circle," which, under Miss Heap's leadership, met in the studio of Georgette Leblanc, famous for her long association with Maeterlinck. Now and then one of the less spiritual among us, by feigning a piety he did not feel, would with considerable difficulty

contrive to get inside the sacred precincts of the Master himself and would bring us back a report of the strange carryings-on.

Probably no one occasioned more gossip than did Willy Seabrook; and in his case, it was neither mysticism nor aestheticism, but rather sex—the peculiar forms of it that he preached and, by his own account and those of others as well, was in the habit of practicing. Willy loved to boast of his exploits: his flagellation of women, his instruments of sexual torture, his mania for human flesh, his adventures in the jungle. His account was so lurid that I am not sure how much of it was believed; but every once in a while some young woman would appear who would swear, with an abundance of convincing detail and a good deal of pride, that she had been one of his subjects and that all his stories were true as far as women were involved. We all liked Seabrook; there was an air of physical bigness about him—I can see his hulking shoulders as he entered a room—there was a vitality and heartiness that did not seem to go with decadent or morbid impulses. However, a number of weeks that I spent, in connection with a literary task, at his Mediterranean villa (he was in the money then), and long hours of conversation with him on the garden terrace at night over an especially potent bottle of Provencal fine, made me feel sure that he was indeed telling the truth; for he was an exceedingly honest person. At Toulon, he even showed me his private museum, consisting of a collection of instruments of flagellation and feminine torture, among them a cage for the amorous starving of a naked woman.

It all sounds more than a little like Sunday supplement stuff; and Willy, indeed, was proud of the fact that he had begun life as a Hearst reporter and editor.

He may have been very largely a Hearst man still in matter of content, but he had a flair for real writing, and his three great literary idols at the time I knew him were Proust, Gide, and Cocteau. He particularly admired, I remember, Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*. As for Gide—that was a sore spot. He had found in the French writer something which led him to believe that the author of *The Counterfeiters* ought to like the work of one who had written *The Magic Island*. But Gide didn't. William Aspenwall Bradley had given the latter a copy of the book; and after reading it, Gide said to Bradley: "I don't think I care to meet the man who wrote that." Sea-brook was deeply hurt, and brooded over the rebuff; to him it was inexplicable.

With Willy, one always had the feeling that there was something driving him on—and drive him it did, through the asylum and to his death. He was another who was running away. The son of a minister, he was a fugitive from the Bible Belt; and while he might take the rites of voodoo with the utmost seriousness, I can hear his favorite expletive, "Hogwash!" when the Scopes trial or the attitudes of American fundamentalists were mentioned.

Not all our Montparnasse characters were picturesque or fantastic ones. Some were tragic: fine lives that had somehow been strangely twisted out of shape. I think of Homer Bevans —Homer, who would sit all day long on the terrace of the Dome, a highball in front of him, staring off into space across the

boulevards as though they were some illimitable plain, and then, when night came, would move around the corner to the Dingo to stand for long hours at the bar and be jostled by a crowd of strangers with only now and then some acquaintance to nod to him. Get to know him, as a few of us did (everyone knew him by sight), and you would find him to be gentle, generous, lovable, cultivated, and urbane; and this was the man whom Elliot Paul was later to take as the prototype for his detective story hero, Homer Evans.

He was a sculptor who had started life as an engineer. Having made his pile, or at any rate enough to live on, he had given up engineering and turned to music, and had played in the New York Philharmonic Orchestra as a flutist. But music palled after a while and sculpture beckoned. And then, somehow, he had come to abandon music, sculpture, everything, for his highball glass. He kept this up for years, day and night, until he began losing his eyesight. It was then that, as in the case of Stearns, his friends intervened and brought him back to America.

I ran into Homer in Greenwich Village one evening, shortly after my return to the States. He was in the company of James T. Farrell, and it was the first time I had ever seen him perfectly sober, although I had never seen him visibly drunk. He was back at his sculpture, he told me, and did his best to appear interested in his work, but ... There was something lacking, a gap that could not be filled—something, I fancied, like the void an opium smoker feels when the pipe is taken from him. I heard not long after that he had suddenly died.

It was frequently hard to draw the line between the eccentric more or less consciously exploiting his eccentricity and the real artist in whose brain something had slipped, or who, for one reason or another, seemed to have lost his hold on life. Sometimes, of course, it was artistic frustration, inability to face the fact that one was not, after all, a painter or writer and might as well have stayed in America and gone into butter and eggs or a stockbroker's office. This undoubtedly helped to swell the custom at Jimmy's and the other drinking places, but it was not an explanation that covered many of the cases we saw about us.

It was particularly disillusioning to encounter certain idols of one's reading youth who in their graying years had turned drably Bohemian or unpleasantly exotic. In this connection I am reminded of Frank Harris, with his waxed mustache, his rouged cheeks, his postprandial emetics (an imitation of the old Roman sybarites), and his memories of Shaw and Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas. When he tired of his haunts in Nice, Harris would occasionally transfer to Montparnasse for a brief interval his growing paunch and dull-thudding quips. I had been interested in meeting him at first, for I remembered that this was the man who once had written one of the best of American short stories, "The Bomb," and who also had done a praiseworthy job as magazine editor in the muckracking era. Possibly I should have been warned by his *Life and Loves*; but I think that I was curious to see just what had happened to him.

We met one night at the home of a mutual acquaintance. The one other guest was a woman reporter, a brilliant young Irish girl. Upon being informed that we wrote for the papers, Harris at once threw his nose in the air and observed:

“I don’t think I care for journalists.” It did not take us long to decide that we did not care for Mr. Harris, and we retired to a far corner of the room to amuse ourselves. The guest of honor was greatly put out at this and fumed and snorted for the rest of the evening, which was a short one as far as we were concerned. He reminded me a little of Mary Garden on one of her uppity days. He seemed to grow willfully more asinine as he grew older.

Emma Goldman was another disappointment, a far greater one than Harris. I saw her now most often on the terrace of the Select, surrounded by a group of Lesbians. I would look at her and memories would come flooding back: memories of college days, of *Mother Earth* read surreptitiously, of Strindberg and other European dramatists of whom we had never heard until she introduced them to us, of anarchist meetings, police raids, and newspaper headlines; memories of Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, of the *Little Review* epoch in Chicago, and the cult of “aristocratic anarchism.” The Emma of the 1920’s scarcely looked like the bogey-woman who once had frightened the American bourgeois out of his slumbers. She did not even care to talk about those days, as I discovered when I met her one evening at a studio party at Virginia Hersch’s, and naively tried to tell her what I felt I owed to her. She was bored. “Let’s have another drink,” she said.

For something had happened to Emma, and I thought I knew what that something was. It was the Russian Revolution of 1917. She had been to the Soviet Union and had not liked what she found there. The “revolution” had been betrayed. No free-love, do-as-you-like, individualistic-anarchistic paradise. She and the young Soviets had parted, some while since, with mutual

recriminations, and she had become a bitter old woman whose one purpose in life, it seemed, was to hate — to hate and to forget. And it was so easy—or was it?—to forget in Montparnasse.

It is proverbial that the revolution must claim its victims, and these may be psychic as well as physical ones. Commonly seated beside Emma in the cafe was a younger woman who must have been very beautiful ten years earlier, and whose face, despite the inroads that Montparnasse had made upon it, would have been remarked in any company. The eyes, particularly, those eyes that had witnessed the “ten days that shook the world.” As John Reed’s wife, Louise Bryant had been not only a spectator hut, for America, one of the chief chroniclers of the Russian Revolution, and along with her husband had become a heroic figure and something of a legend for our Leftward-looking intelligentsia. After Reed’s death, she had married William Bullitt, who later was to be American ambassador to France. This marriage was not a happy one, and they were separated, after a daughter had been born. At the time I knew Louise she was drifting from cafe to cafe and was famous now for the daring studio parties that she gave in the early hours of the morning. She no longer seemed to care; yet, in contrast to Emma, she was invariably warm, friendly, altogether likable; and never once did she speak of the past, nor would anyone have thought of questioning her about it

Yet another who revived for me a golden age of intellectual exploration and discovery, when for the defiant undergraduate every heretical volume is a likely promised land, was Alexander Berkman, who would occasionally come up from Nice to visit Emma, his old associate in the anarchist

movement. Sickly and starving in his last days, eking out a bare livelihood (when he succeeded in doing that) by means of translating chores, he was like a wraith out of a distant past. I have seen a number of individuals who were strikingly out of place in the vicinity of the Dome, but none more than this gentle, kindly man who, on a day years before, had emptied his revolver into the body of the Pittsburgh steel magnate, Henry C. Frick, and who afterward had spent some fourteen years in prison. His *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist* had been one of the books of my youth. I studied him now. Had he too lost hold of his life philosophy? There was a fire that glowed still in his eyes, but he was tired, very tired.

While some were endeavoring to forget, live down, their past, there was at least one member of the Anglo-American Left Bank colony who paid the penalty for being some decades ahead of her time. Few persons have been more misunderstood than Nancy Cunard. She has set forth her own case in an article which she wrote for the final (No. 5) issue of the *New Review*. Entitled "Black Man and White Ladyship," the article in question was a violent attack upon Miss Cunard's mother. Lady Cunard, and upon British upper-class society in general (with a side-swipe at George Moore) for its color prejudices. For Miss Cunard was defiant enough of conventions to have a black man for a friend. This created a scandal in London, a scandal which later was echoed by the columnists and sensational press of New York; but anyone who will read her statement will not fail to perceive that it was more than a personal matter with her, that she was fighting for a principle. She was making in real life, and in the callous 'twenties, the same challenge which Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit* was to make in later years.

Nancy Cunard was essentially an honest rebel against her class and what she took to be its narrow outlook; she had made a thorough study of Negro art, culture, and anthropology. A visit to her Paris studio, a talk with her there or at the cafe Flore, and one went away convinced of her sincerity.

But whatever the allowances to be made in individual cases, there is no denying that the scene as a whole presented an aspect that was fascinating to the psychiatrist—I sat with one of them at the Dôme and watched his reactions. Things finally came to such a pass that Edouard Roditi, at that time a contributor to Mr. Jolas’s transition, now a well-known American scholar, announced with tongue in cheek his intention of founding a magazine whose contributors should be limited to “dipsomaniacs, dope fiends, schizophrenics, and Hindu mystics.”

Illustrative of this, perhaps the most striking phase of Latin Quarter life in the entre-deux-guerres period, an incident comes to mind which nearly cost Ezra Pound his life.

Ezra was then associate editor of my magazine, and upon one of his visits to Paris those connected with the New Review decided to give a dinner in his honor at what was ordinarily a most sedate little restaurant in the place de l’Odeon, in the very shadow of Joyce, Stein, and Sylvia Beach’s famous bookshop. Among others attending was Ford Madox Ford. Jean Cocteau was supposed to be there but at the last minute telegraphed me that he could not come. This was fortunate; for we did not know when we invited him that we

were to have one of his bitter enemies, an under-cover Surrealist, in our midst. Things went along smoothly enough for a while; indeed, it seemed that the evening was going to be a huge success—until the Surrealist, who, it turned out later, was under the influence of drugs, suddenly whipped out a long, wicked-looking knife from somewhere under his clothes and, turning around, made as if to plunge it into the back of Pound, who was seated immediately behind him

Those of us who saw it were horrified and, for the moment, petrified as well. Luckily, Bob McAlmon, who was sitting next to Pound, had a little more self-possession. Seizing the assailant's arm, he tussled with him until someone from the rear came down with a well-aimed seltzer bottle, and that ended the fray. The dinner broke up in great confusion, with a frantic proprietor urging us to hurry and leave before the gendarmes arrived. As a result, Ford's speech in Pound's honor and Ezra's reply were never made. The American papers in Paris printed nothing about the affair, regarding it, for some reason or other, as too hot to handle.

There is another incident which, though it did not turn out to be so exciting as the one just related, has, I believe, a light to throw on the character of the Quarter in those days and the psychology of its inhabitants. It concerns the opening, a few squares from the Dome, of a new streamlined, chromium-plated brothel, a most respectable institution of its sort, conducted under municipal supervision and known to the French by the charming euphemism *maison close*. We learned of it on the terraces one afternoon and at the same time heard its name—"the Sphinx." We should not have been excited by the

news if it had not been for one unusual feature: it appeared that invitations to the "grande ouverture" were being sent out to practically everyone in the sixth arrondissement, and we were supposed to bring our wives! This was a characteristic Gallic touch, but sufficiently novel to stimulate our jaded interest. Not to mention the free champagne. As a result, the entire Quarter turned out, or so it seemed to one who tried to make his way through the crush that opening night. Madame's invitation list must have been a Who's Who of love among the artists.

I shall not forget that gala occasion. Madame herself, matronly and dressed in black, was a model of propriety, and as I gazed upon her I knew that the Sphinx would be nothing if not respectable. The bar américain had been described to me, by someone who had had a preview, as "ritzy," but as I beheld its shiny all-metal furnishings, I felt that this was hardly the adjective. Up to then, the Coupole bar had represented for most of us the last word in luxury, for the more expensive Right Bank places were beyond our reach, and it was to the Coupole that we would repair when we grew tired of the dingy if historic surroundings of the Dome. But all this modernistic splendor!

"You like it?" Madame inquired, with commendable restraint; for it was plain to be seen that she was bursting with pride. She proceeded to show us, one group after another, all over the house, including the bedrooms upstairs. Here I was not so impressed as with the bar: there was a connotation of Grand Rapids rather than of the new functionalism—although the inevitable bidet was functional enough. "Is it not in good taste?" Madame kept asking us. "I myself," she added, "am a musician; that is why I love the artists. Yes," and

she gave a sigh, “I play the violin. But les affaires, the Messieurs will realize, les affaires are so pressing. And one must live ...”

As for Madame’s girls, young, pretty, with a peasant fresh-ness about them, they were rather demure at the start, over-awed by it all. Brought in from parts unknown, they were tremendously impressed by “les artistes”; but they speedily lost their self-consciousness and became almost, if not quite, as uninhibited as the guests, who were about equally divided between men and women. There was also the usual contingent of homosexuals, male and female, including a delegation of extremely effeminate young Surrealists; but the filles of the Quarter were not present unless escorted, for they represented competition and Madame saw to keeping them out. All in all, it was very much as if the cafe du Dôme and the cafe Select had merged and moved to another location. Even the eight Icelandic giants were to be seen standing at the bar and going through their usual routine, as Kiki and Pascin in the center of the floor did their own unrecognizable version of the Charleston. Madame, meanwhile, was radiantly pleased by it all, pleased that her house was being honored by the presence of so many celebrities; but she could not help being a trifle worried about her beautiful new fixtures.

Among the guests were a number of married couples, and they were by far the most interesting to watch. They obviously were finding the event charmingly risqué; but one could not help wondering if the staid and eldery pair of the 1940’s would be likely to mention it over their suburban bridge-tables. Probably not. In this respect Steve and Emily Braden, as we may call them here, were typical. They were sitting at a table with two of Madame’s girls,

who were insisting that they all four go upstairs together; and both Emily and Steve were getting the thrill of their lives. The Bradens were known to everybody, and everybody liked them. He was on what might be termed sabbatical leave from the knit-goods business in Racine (or was it Kenosha?), Wisconsin. Like Harold Stearns and the other Young Intellectuals, they had become disgusted with a money-grubbing America — after having, fortunately, grubbed enough to be able to escape in comfort—and had migrated to the Left Bank to bask in the aura of Joyce and Stein, to entertain the up-and-coming young Surrealists, and to discuss Freud and psychoanalysis at the Dome. They were not wealthy, but compared with most of us they were plutocrats. We had more or less ceased to be conscious of the fact, however, and had come to accept them for what they were, but they seemed unable to forget it; it appeared to be on their minds, and tonight they were trying hard to throw it off, for they had been very much hurt recently by a certain young novelist's portrait of them in his latest books.

Upon looking around the room, I had the feeling that most of the others, likewise, were doing their best to forget, or not to remember. The scene, certainly, was not one of wild abandon. As a matter of fact, to one who was familiar with the other rendezvous of the Quarter and who had not had too much of Madame's very good champagne, it presented much the same aspect as did the Dôme on a bleary morning when one entered it, sober and out of sorts, for a cup of coffee. Why, then, go to the trouble of moving over here? But after all, I suppose, a migration of two or three squares was a great event in our sedentary lives. The young women of the establishment, so far as could be observed, were as pure as when we came. They were merely an excuse. An

excuse to meet the same faces once again and repeat the all too familiar gestures, conversations, and witticisms. If this was “La Boheme,” it was assuredly not as the good burgher imagines it.

It was, perhaps, not strange that Ilya Ehrenburg from his daily chair in the cafe du Dôme should have been led to predict, as he was fond of doing in that era, the downfall, the death, of Western civilization. With his powerfully set, stooping shoulders that gave him almost the appearance of a hunchback, he was one of the human landmarks of the carrefour Vavin. He did not associate much with the Americans, and I do not believe that any of us came to know him well. He was occasionally to be seen at a table with Louis Aragon and some of the other young Frenchmen, but most often he sat alone. He would raise his eyes from time to time above the edge of his French or Russian newspaper, to let them roam over the blaring room as he observed the antics of a group of rowdy “artists,” in all probability Americans; the next moment he would drop his gaze as if abashed at what he had seen.

Had anyone asked him what he took to be the meaning of it all, he would have given much the same answer as Herr Spengler. This was the answer that he did give in an extremely interesting book of essays which he published in the mid- 'thirties, under a title that might be translated as “Slow Curtain” (literally, “Long-Drawn-Out Denouement”). To him, the curtain was surely falling on the culture of the Occident. In support of this view, he would point to the Surrealists, their foolish pranks, their meaningless (as he saw it) “enquêtes,” the perversions that they paraded with so infantile a delight. He would speak of the “rout” that had recently been given by Monsieur and

Madame Andre Maurois at the Ritz, with, in place of guessing games, Jean Cocteau providing the amusement by baptizing in due sacerdotal form his newborn godchild. He would cite as a further instance of decay the mondain Paul Morand, gliding through life on a cushioned diplomat's passport and depicting the eternal feminine in the same eternal bourgeois setting, whether London or Siam—Morand, who wanted his hide when he was dead made into a traveling bag. Or it might be the new dog restaurant that had just been opened in Paris, where they served a ten-franc meal for canines while artists and workers starved. Or that dinner of epicures, not long ago, when they feasted upon a lioness from the zoo ...

Yes, Ehrenburg had an answer, “those Russians” had an answer, which for them was the answer. Coming out of the East, they told us, even in the cafe du Dome, that our Western world was not merely sick but dying, and they proved it to us with case histories; after which they bade us look around, there in Montparnasse, at the supposed representatives of that culture whose doom they were foretelling. Yet Ehrenburg continued to live in the Latin Quarter, on the Left Bank and not on the Right, and he still came to the Dôme every day and sat there a good part of the day. It is hard for the writer, the artist, to break with his own—or the nearest imitation of it that he can find.

Across the street in the Rotonde, meanwhile, sat Russians of a different sort, “white” Russians, who felt that the Revolution had robbed them and who hated everything for which Ehrenburg.

The “new” Russians were not the only ones who had an answer. There were those who told us that the danger was from the East: the Occident threatened by the Orient. Chief among these were Massimo Bontempelli and his Novecentisti, or Twentieth-Century Group. Bontempelli, with the sculptured head of a Caesar, would stand on the corner by the Rotonde and watch Ehrenburg’s stooping figure cross the carrefour Vavin. This did not mean to me then what it does today as I look back upon it, in view of all that has happened since, the course that world history has taken. We profess for the Orient an inborn and cherished contempt. I hate the belly-dance and the, whole body of Asiatic revelation. The words were Bontempelli’s, but the voice was that of Mussolini. The words were big and bold; yet “I giovani” as they were fond of calling themselves, were anything but bold. Speak to them of politics—it was best not to do so, and, above all, D. Duce’s name should not be mentioned—and they would “talk with their eyes.” I used to sit in at their gatherings in the little cafe de la Consigne, opposite the gare du Montparnasse, where they frequently joined forces with the Spanish playboy Ramon Gomez de la Serna and his followers, when Ramon chanced to be in Paris. One would never have known from the conversation there, brilliant as it was upon occasion, that such a thing as politics or a social order existed.

Lack of any concern with society was a trait that was common to most of us; yet all the while, had we but been aware of it, the larger world was closing in upon us. In that home of purgatorial souls, the Rotonde, we encountered more than one exile of a different kind, who had fled his country not for any aesthetic reasons, but simply because he refused to live under a regime of tyranny. We saw and spoke to Miguel de Unamuno, Primo de Rivera’s victim,

as he sat there with his own Unamunoesque variety of inferno, penning that passionate, unclassifiable bit of prose which he entitled “How to Write a Novel,” the “novel” being the cry of his own tortured spirit. This was a piece which I later translated and which I published in *The New Review* and in *The European Caravan*. Unamuno’s was truly a “historic anguish”:

To live in history and to live history, to shape myself in history, in my Spain, and to shape my history, my Spain, and, along with it, my universe and my eternity—such has been and is ever my one tragic concern in this my exile. History is a legend, that we know; and this legend, this history, is devouring me, and when it is through, I shall be through ...

All this within a literal stone’s throw of the Dome. The Greek professor from Salamanca, who with his gray Vandyke, his black crush hat, and his spectacles looked exactly like a Greek professor, might have taught us much. As it was, his conversation was confined to a few fellow countrymen, exiles like himself.

The carrefour Vavin neighborhood did not, of course, constitute the entire Latin Quarter, though this was a fact which we who lived and congregated there tended to overlook. When one went over to the rue de l’Odeon, for example, it was like stepping into another world. Here, at any time of the day or night, a sacrosanct stillness seemed to prevail, which, I sometimes fancied, must emanate from that shrine of literary pilgrims, Sylvia Beach’s bookshop, commercially known as Shakespeare & Company. For these were the haunts of Joyce and Stein, both of whom lived not far away and neither of whom was

ever seen near the Dôme. The author of *Ulysses* was well fended against intrusion, but there was always the chance of the true worshiper's being admitted to the presence, while the others, browsing and buying at Miss Beach's, would revel in the thrill of propinquity.

This was the quarter frequented by Eugene Jolas, Elliot Paul, and the transition group, and by certain young Irish- men, friends and admirers of Joyce: Thomas McGreevy, Samuel Beckett, George Reavey, and others, the Dublin intellectuals being in the habit of gathering at the Ecole Normale, where McGreevy and Beckett were instructors. Beckett and Reavey were often seen on the boulevard du Montparnasse, Jolas and his American associates very seldom, for they were workers rather than cafe-sitters. One might or might not agree with the "Revolution of the Word" as set forth in the pages of transition, but one hardly could challenge the seriousness of its propounders.

Across the street from Miss Beach's was the French bookshop of Mile. Adrienne Monnier, La Maison des Amis des Livres, and from there to the offices of La Nouvelle Revue Française in the rue de Beaune was but a step. For the place de l'Odeon was a time-honored center of intellectual life: Mademoiselle Monnier was regarded by many as being the strong woman of contemporary Gallic letters, and her place, at once a bookshop and a salon, was the rendezvous of many famous writers, the starting point of more than one modern movement, and, in general, the home of avant-garde literature, which found an expression in the review known as *Le Navire d'Argent*. Here again, despite the note of modernity, the atmosphere was one of intense earnestness and accomplishment.

Leaving the rue de l’Odeon for the boulevard Saint-Germain and walking toward the place Saint-Germain-des-Pres, one came upon still another quarter, that of the Deux-Magots, with the little cafe Flore close by, where the “seceding” Surrealists—Ribemont-Dessaignes, Robert Desnos, Georges Hugnet, Monny de Bouilly, and others—held forth. The cafe des Deux-Magots itself was something like neutral ground, a vague No Man’s Land between opposing camps and between the Right Bank and the Left, being a favorite resort of journalists and of Sorbonne professors invading another Bohemia than the one to which they were accustomed in the vicinity of the Boul’ Mich’. It was to the Deux-Magots that one took a new acquaintance when uncertain as to just how to place him. The atmosphere as a rule was a tranquil one, a relief to Montparnassians who wanted to get away from it all. Of an afternoon one might find Hemingway there, or Ezra Pound if he happened to be in Paris; and of an evening. Ford Madox Ford would likely be seated at one of the tables, surrounded by a carefully chosen audience of two or three.

Crossing the place Saint-Germain-des-Pres and going down the rue Bonaparte, past the shops of the antiquaries and the old-book dealers, to the embankments of the Seine, one at once became conscious of the atmosphere of the Beaux-Arts and the Institut, of the Academy and academicians—an aroma of the past. Along the river were the stalls of the bouquinistes, known to every tourist, where four centuries of French literature lay slumbering in dusty bins. Moliere, Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, Racine—how many volumes had found their way from there to the shelves of my library! I remember how elated I was the day I came upon a book published during Rabelais’s lifetime,

about the period when he was writing his *Pantagruel*. This was not a dead past; it was one that lived and breathed. I thought of Proust, Gide, Valery; they appeared to me to have a connection with these stalls; they represented a prolongation of that past. And then I would recall our latest hyper-aesthetic cafe argument and it would seem, somehow, very futile.

Following the river in the general direction of Notre Dame until one came out in the place Saint-Michel, one found himself in the Quarter of the Schools, a quarter which for some seven centuries had been riotous with intellectual life. I do not believe I ever went down the Boul' Mich' without thinking of that vagabond, thief, cut-throat, pimp, and poet, Francois Villon, who once swaggered along this same thoroughfare. The students of today were as brawling a lot as any Villon knew. It was political questions that stirred them now, and there were Rightist or Leftist demonstrations nearly every week, with the Action Francaise monarchists as the chief inciters. These young men and women were a good deal more aware of what was going on than We of the boulevard du Montparnasse; that looming battle which we but dimly sensed was here taking tangible form. And all the while, M. Bergson's lecture room at the Sorbonne was crowded with society ladies whose limousines stood waiting for them; even they were aware of something that was in the air in those days.

A good place from which to view the life of the student quarter was the cafe de la Gare in the place Saint-Michel, especially of a morning when the polyglot throng came trooping in for a coffee and crescent before going to classes. As the square outside rapidly filled with buses, trams, and human

beings, and the chestnut-vendor and the old woman selling papers cried their wares, one might listen to an animated argument at a near-by table on any subject from the higher calculus to what happened yesterday in the Chamber of Deputies. With it all went the inevitable buoyancy and unaffected lightheartedness of youth—how old we of the carrefour Vavin seemed by contrast! Or one might drop in of an evening at the cafe Cluny, a short distance down the boulevard. This was the favorite haunt of Sorbonne professors in their hours of recreation. I preserve a delightful memory of two aging members of the Society of Rabelaisian Studies who one night spent several hours debating, over a bottle of Vichy water, the true significance of Pantagruel's mighty thirst. But one could also hear discussions of Freud, Bergson, Husserl, Levy-Bruhl, Kierkegaard ...all without the stimulation of fine or pernod or the titillation of sex.

All of us discovered from time to time this real and original Latin Quarter of which our own was but an offshoot and, to a large extent, an imitation. We would come upon it in the course of an afternoon's stroll—walking off a hangover, it might be, from the night before—and then we would return once more to our accustomed places at the Dôme, the Coupole, or the Select, to resume our discussions of art and America and the artist soul and to revel in the “freedom” we had so bravely achieved.

The Sexes by Dorothy Parker

The young man with the scenic cravat glanced nervously down the sofa at the girl in the fringed dress. She was examining her handkerchief; it might have been the first one of its kind she had seen, so deep was her interest in its material, form, and possibilities. The young man cleared his throat, without necessity or success, producing a small, syncopated noise.

“Want a cigarette?” he said.

“No, thank you,” she said.

“Thank you ever so much just the same.”

“Sorry I’ve only got these kind,” he said. “You got any of your own?”

“I really don’t know,” she said.

“I probably have, thank you.”

“Because if you haven’t,” he said, “it wouldn’t take me a minute to go up to the corner and get you some.

“Oh, thank you, but I wouldn’t have you go to all that trouble for anything,” she said. “It’s awfully sweet of you to think of it. Thank you ever so much.”

“Will you for God’s sakes stop thanking me?” he said.

“Really,” she said, “I didn’t know I was saying anything out of the way. I’m awfully sorry if I hurt your feelings. I know what it feels like to get your feelings hurt. I’m sure I didn’t realize it was an insult to say ‘thank you’ to a person. I’m not exactly in the habit of having people swear at me because I say ‘thank you’ to them.”

“I did not swear at you!” he said.

“Oh, you didn’t?” she said. “I see.”

“My God,” he said, “all I said, I simply asked you if I couldn’t go out and get you some cigarettes. Is there anything in that to get up in the air about?”

“Who’s up in the air?” she said. “I’m sure I didn’t know it was a criminal offense to say I wouldn’t dream of giving you all that trouble. I’m afraid I must be awfully stupid, or something.”

“Do you want me to go out and get you some cigarettes; or don’t you?” he said.

“Goodness,” she said, “if you want to go so much, please don’t feel you have to stay here. I wouldn’t have you feel you had to stay for anything.”

“Ah, don’t be that way, will you?”

“Be what way?” she said. “I’m not being any way.”

“What’s the matter?” he said.

“Why, nothing,” she said.

“Why?” “You’ve been funny all evening,” he said. “Hardly said a word to me, ever since I came in.”

“I’m terribly sorry you haven’t been having a good time,” she said. “For goodness’ sakes, don’t feel you have to stay here and be bored. I’m sure there are millions of places you could be having a lot more fun. The only thing, I’m a little bit sorry I didn’t know before, that’s all. When you said you were coming over tonight, I broke a lot of dates to go to the theater and everything. But it doesn’t make a bit of difference. I’d much rather have you go and have a good time. It isn’t very pleasant to sit here and feel you’re boring a person to death.”

“I’m not bored!” he said. “I don’t want to go any place! Ah, honey, won’t you tell me what’s the matter? Ah, please.”

“I haven’t the faintest idea what you’re talking about,” she said. “There isn’t a thing on earth the matter. I don’t know what you mean.”

“Yes, you do,” he said. “There’s something the trouble. Is it anything I’ve done, or anything?”

“Goodness,” she said, “I’m sure it isn’t any of my business, anything you do. I certainly wouldn’t feel I had any right to criticize.”

“Will you stop talking like that?” he said. “Will you, please?”

“Talking like what?” she said.

“You know,” he said. “That’s the way you were talking over the telephone today, too. You were so snotty when I called you up, I was afraid to talk to you.”

“I beg your pardon,” she said. “What did you say I was?”

“Well, I’m sorry,” he said. “I didn’t mean to say that. You get me so balled up.”

“You see,” she said, “I’m really not in the habit of hearing language like that. I’ve never had a thing like that said to me in my life.”

“I told you I was sorry, didn’t I?” he said. “Honest, honey, I didn’t mean it. I don’t know how I came to say a thing like that. Will you excuse me? Please?”

“Oh, certainly,” she said. “Goodness, don’t feel you have to apologize to me. It doesn’t make any difference at all. It just seems a little bit funny to have somebody you were in the habit of thinking was a gentleman come to your home and use language like that to you, that’s all. But it doesn’t make the slightest bit of difference.”

“I guess nothing I say makes any difference to you,” he said. “You seem to be sore at me.”

“I’m sore at you?” she said.

“I can’t understand what put that idea in your head. Why should I be sore at you?”

“That’s what I’m asking you,” he said. “Won’t you tell me what I’ve done? Have I done something to hurt your feelings, honey? The way you were, over the phone, you had me worried all day. I couldn’t do a lick of work.”

“I certainly wouldn’t like to feel,” she said, “that I was interfering with your work. I know there are lots of girls that don’t think anything of doing things like that, but I think it’s terrible. It certainly isn’t very nice to sit here and have someone tell you ... you interfere with his business.”

“I didn’t say that!” he said. “I didn’t say it!”

“Oh, didn’t you?” she said. “Well, that was the impression I got. It must be my stupidity.”

“I guess maybe I better go,” he said. “I can’t get right. Everything I say seems to make you sorer and sorer. Would you rather I’d go?”

“Please do just exactly whatever you like,” she said.

“I’m sure the last thing I want to do is have you stay here when you’d rather be someplace else. Why don’t you go someplace where you won’t be bored? Why don’t you go up to Florence Leaming’s? I know she’d love to have you.”

“I don’t want to go up to Florence Learning’s!” he said. “What would I want to go up to Florence Leaming’s for? She gives me a pain.”

“Oh, really?” she said. “She didn’t seem to be giving you so much of a pain at Elsie’s party last night, I notice. I notice you couldn’t even talk to anybody else, that’s how much of a pain she gave you.”

“Yeah, and you know why I was talking to her?” he said.

“Why, I suppose you think she’s attractive,” she said. “I suppose some people do. It’s perfectly natural. Some people think she’s quite pretty.”

“I don’t know whether she’s pretty or not,” he said. “I wouldn’t know her if I saw her again. Why I was talking to her was you wouldn’t even give me a

tumble, last night. I came up and tried to talk to you, and you just said, ‘Oh, how do you do’—just like that, ‘Oh, how do you do’—and you turned right away and wouldn’t look at me.”

“I wouldn’t look at you?” she said. “Oh, that’s awfully funny. Oh, that’s marvelous. You don’t mind if I laugh, do you?”

“Go ahead and laugh your head off,” he said. “But you wouldn’t.”

“Well, the minute you came in the room,” she said, “you started making such a fuss over Florence Learning, I thought you never wanted to see anybody else. You two seemed to be having such a wonderful time together, goodness knows I wouldn’t have butted in for anything.”

“My God,” he said, “this what’s-her-name girl came up and began talking to me before I even saw anybody else, and what could I do? I couldn’t sock her in the nose, could I?”

“I certainly didn’t see you try,” she said.

“You saw me try to talk to you, didn’t you?” he said. ‘And what did you do? ‘Oh, how do you do.’ Then this what’s-her-name came up again, and there I was, stuck. Florence Learning! I think she’s terrible. Know what I think of her? I think she’s a damn little fool. That’s what I think of her.”

“Well, of course,” she said, “that’s the impression she always gave me, but I don’t know. I’ve heard people say she’s pretty. Honestly I have.”

“Why, she can’t be pretty in the same room with you,” he said. “She has got an awfully funny nose,” she said.

“I really feel sorry for a girl with a nose like that.”

“She’s got a terrible nose,” he said. “You’ve got a beautiful nose. Gee, you’ve got a pretty nose.”

“Oh, I have not,” she said. “You’re crazy.”

“And beautiful eyes,” he said, “and beautiful hair and a beautiful mouth. And beautiful hands. Let me have one of the little hands. Ah, look at that little hand! Who’s got the prettiest hands in the world? Who’s the sweetest girl in the world?”

“I don’t know,” she said. “Who?”

“You don’t know!” he said.

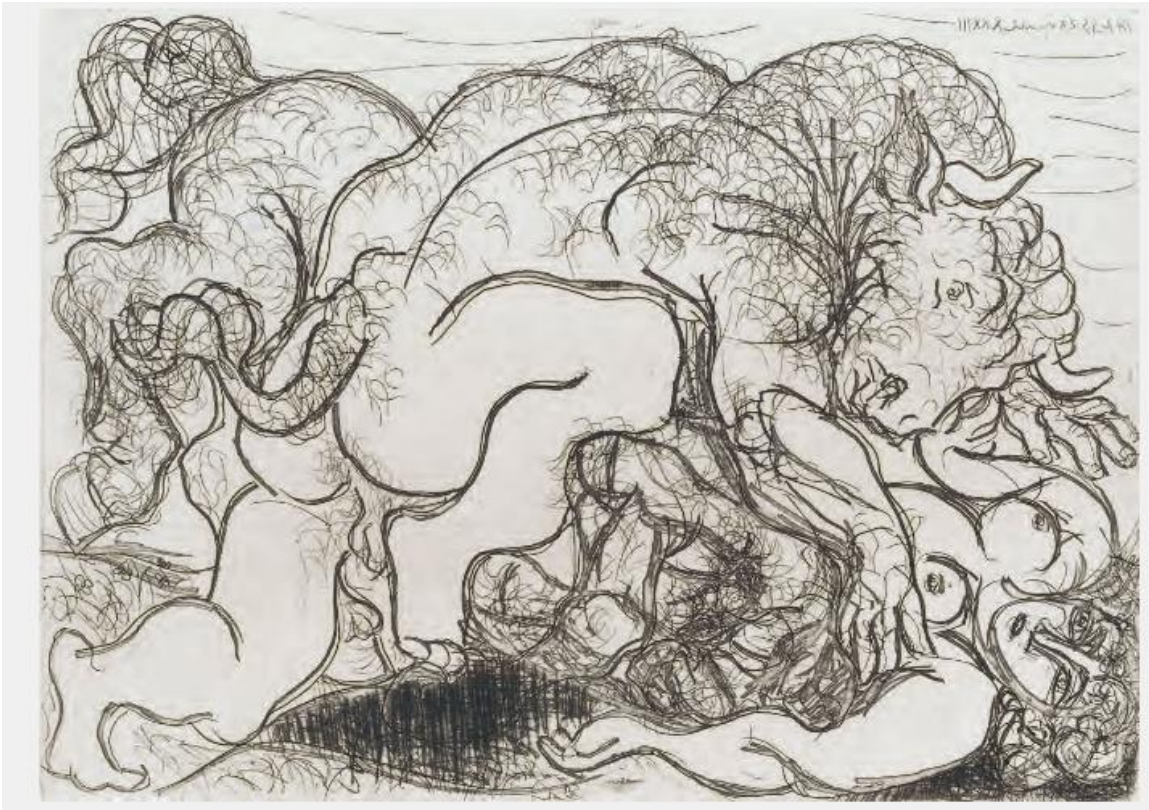
“You do so, too, know.”

“I do not,” she said. “Who? Florence Learning?”

“Oh, Florence Learning, my eye!” he said. “Getting sore about Florence Learning! And me not sleeping all last night and not doing a stroke of work all day because you wouldn’t speak to me! A girl like you getting sore about a girl like Florence Learning!”

“I think you’re just perfectly crazy,” she said. “I was not sore! What on earth ever made you think I was? You’re simply crazy. Ow, my new pearl beads! Wait a second till I take them off. There!”

Pictorial: Picasso's Minotaur in Love, 1933



La Jeune Fille Wants to Know by D.H. Lawrence

If you are a writer, nothing is more confusing than the difference between the things you have to say and the things you are allowed to print. Talking to an intelligent girl, the famous "jeune fille " who is the excuse for the great Hush! Hush! in print, you find, not that you have to winnow your words and leave out all the essentials, but that she, the innocent girl in question, is flinging all sorts of fierce questions at your head, in all sorts of shameless language, demanding all sorts of impossible answers. You think to yourself: " My heaven, this is the innocent young thing on whose behalf books are suppressed!" And you wonder, " How on earth am I to answer her?"

You decide the only way to answer her is straightforward. She smells an evasion in an instant, and despises you for it. She is no fool, this innocent maiden. Far from it. And she loathes an evasion. Talking to her father in the sanctum of his study, you have to winnow your words and watch your step, the old boy is so nervous, so tremulous lest anything be said that should hurt his feelings. But once away in the drawing-room or the garden, the innocent maiden looks at you anxiously, and it is all you can do to prevent her saying crudely, " Please don't be annoyed with daddy. You see, he is like that, and we have to put up with him "—or else from blurting out, " Daddy's an old fool, but he is a dear, isn't he ?"

It is a *peculiar* reversal of the Victorian order. Father winces and bridles and trembles in his study or his library, and the innocent maiden knocks you flat with her outspokenness in the conservatory. And you have to admit that she

is the man of the two; of the three, maybe. Especially when she says, rather sternly, "I hope you didn't let daddy see what you thought of him!" "But what do I think of him?" I gasp. "Oh, it's fairly obvious!" she replies coolly, and dismisses the point.

I admit the young are a little younger than I am, or a little older, which is it? I really haven't spent my years cultivating prunes and prisms, yet, confronted with a young thing of twenty-two, I often find myself with a prune-stone in my mouth, and I don't know what to do with it.

"Why is daddy like that?" she says, and there is genuine pain in the question. "Like what?" you ask. "Oh, you know what I mean! Like a baby ostrich with its head in the sand! It only makes his rear so much the more conspicuous. And it's a pity, because he's awfully intelligent in other ways."

Now, what is a man to answer? "Why are they like that?" she insists. "Who?" say I. "Men!" she says, "men like daddy!" "I suppose it's a sort of funk," say I. "Exactly!" she pounces on me like a panther. "But what is there to be in a funk about?"

I have to confess I don't know. "Of course not!" she says. "There's nothing at all to be in a funk about. So why can't we make him see it?"

When the younger generation, usually the feminine half of it in her early twenties, starts firing off Whys? at me, I give in. Anything crosses her in the least —and she takes aim at it with the deadly little pistol of her inquiring

spirit, and says "Why?" She is a deadly shot. Billy the Kid is nothing to her; she hits the nail on the head every time. "Now, why can't I talk like a sensible human being to daddy?" "I suppose he thinks it is a little early for you to be quite so sensible," say I mildly. "Cheek! What cheek of him to think he can measure out the amount of sense I ought to have!" she cries. "Why does he think it?"

Why indeed? But once you start whying, there's no end to it. A hundred years ago, a few reformers piped up timorously, "Why is man so infinitely superior to woman?" And on the slow years came the whisper "He isn't!" Then the poor padded young of those days roused up. "Why are fathers always in the right?" And the end of the century confessed that they weren't. Since then, the innocent maiden has ceased to be anaemic, all maidens were more or less anaemic thirty years ago ; and though she is no less innocent, but probably more so, than her stuffy grandmother or mother before her, there isn't a thing she hasn't shot her Why ? at, or her Wherefore ?—the innocent maiden of to-day. And digging implements are called by their bare, their barest names." Why should daddy put his foot down upon love? He's been a prize muff at it himself, judging from mother."

It's terrible, if all the sanctifications have to sit there like celluloid Aunt Sallies, while the young take pot shots at them. A real straight Why? aimed by sweet-and-twenty goes clean through them. Nothing but celluloid! and looking so important !

Really, why ...?

The answer seems to be, bogey! The elderly to-day seem to be ridden by a bogey, they grovel before the fetish of human wickedness. Every young man is out to "ruin" every young maiden. Bogey! The young maiden knows a thing or two about that. She's not quite the raw egg she's supposed to be, in the first place. And as for most young men, they're only too nice, and it would grieve them bitterly to "ruin" any young maid, even if they knew exactly how to set about it. Of which the young maiden is perfectly aware, and "Why can't daddy see it?"

He can, really. But he is so wedded to his bogey, that once the young man's back is turned, the old boy can see in the young boy nothing but a danger, a danger to my daughter! Wickedness in other people is an *idée fixe* of the elderly. "Ah, my boy, you will find that in life every man's hand is against you!" As a matter of fact, my boy finds nothing of the sort. Every man has to struggle for himself, true. But most people are willing to give a bit of help where they can. The world may really be a bogey. But that isn't because individuals are wicked villains. At least ninety-nine per cent, of individuals in this country, and in any other country as far as we have ever seen, are perfectly decent people who have a certain amount of struggle to get along, but who don't want to do anybody any harm, if they can help it.

This seems to be the general experience of the young, and so they can't appreciate the bogey of human wickedness which seems to dominate the minds of the old, in their relation to the succeeding generation. The young ask "What, exactly, is this bogey, this wickedness we are to be shielded from?"

And the old only reply, "Of course, there is no danger to us. But to you, who are young and inexperienced ...!"

And the young, naturally, see nothing but pure hypocrisy. They have no desire to be shielded. If the bogey exists, they would like to set eyes on him, to take the measure of this famous "wickedness." But since they never come across it, since they find meanness and emptiness the worst crimes, they decide that the bogey doesn't and never did exist, that he is an invention of the elderly spirit, the last stupid stick with which the old can beat the young and feel self-justified. "Of course, it's perfectly hopeless with mother and daddy, one has to treat them like mental infants," say the young. But the mother sententiously reiterates, "I don't mind, as far as I am concerned. But I have to protect my children."

Protect, that is, some artificial children that only exist in parental imagination, from a bogey that likewise has no existence outside that imagination, and thereby derive a great sense of parental authority, importance and justification. The danger for the young is that they will question everything out of existence, so that nothing is left. But that is no reason to stop questioning. The old lies must be questioned out of existence, even at a certain loss of things worth having. When everything is questioned out of existence, then the real fun will begin putting the right things back. But nothing is any good till the old lies are got rid of.

Pictorial: I Know You Want to Tug ... Don't You!



The Last Tea by Dorothy Parker

The young man in the chocolate-brown suit sat down at the table, where the girl with the artificial camellia had been sitting for forty minutes.

“Guess I must be late,” he said. “Sorry you been waiting.”

“Oh, goodness I” she said. “I just got here myself, just about a second ago. I simply went ahead and ordered because I was dying for a cup of tea. I was late, myself. I haven’t been here more than a minute.”

“That’s good,” he said.

“Hey, hey, easy on the sugar—one lump is fair enough. And take away those cakes. Terrible! Do I feel terrible!”

“Ah,” she said, “you do? Ah. “Whadda matter?”

“Oh, I’m ruined,” he said. “I’m in terrible shape.” “Ah, the poor boy,” she said. “Was it feelin’ miserable? Ah, and it came way up here to meet me! You shouldn’t have done that—I’d have understood. Ah, just think of it coming all the way up here when it’s so sick!”

“Oh, that’s all right,” he said. “I might as well be here as any place else. Any place is like any other place, the way I feel today. Oh, I’m all shot.”

“Why, that’s just awful,” she said. “Why, you poor sick thing. Goodness, I hope it isn’t influenza. They say there’s a lot of it around.”

“Influenza!” he said. “I wish that was all I had. Oh, I’m poisoned. I’m through. I’m off the stuff for life. Know what time I got to bed? Twenty minutes past five, A.M., this morning. What a night! What an evening!

“I thought,” she said, “that you were going to stay at the office and work late. You said you’d be working every night this week.”

“Yeah, I know,” he said. “But it gave me the jumps, thinking about going down there and sitting at that desk. I went up to May’s—she was throwing a party. Say, there was somebody there said they knew you.”

“Honestly?” she said. “Man or woman?”

“Dame,” he said. “Name’s Carol McCall. Say, why haven’t I been told about her before? That’s what I call a girl. What a looker she is!”

“Oh, really?” she said. “That’s funny—I never heard of anyone that thought that. I’ve heard people say she was sort of nice-looking, if she wouldn’t make up so much. But I never heard of anyone that thought she was pretty.”

“Pretty is right,” he said. “What a couple of eyes she’s got on her!”

“Really?” she said. “I never noticed them particularly. But I haven’t seen her for a long time—sometimes people change, or something.”

“She says she used to go to school with you,” he said.

“Well, we went to the same school,” she said. “I simply happened to go to public school because it happened to be right near us, and Mother hated to have me crossing streets. But she was three or four classes ahead of me. She’s ages older than I am.”

“She’s three or four classes ahead of them all,” he said. “Dance! Can she step! ‘Bum your clothes, baby,’ I kept telling her. I must have been fried pretty.”

“I was out dancing myself, last night,” she said. “Wally Dillon and I. He’s just been pestering me to go out with him. He’s the most wonderful dancer. Goodness! I didn’t get home till I don’t know what time. I must look just simply a wreck. Don’t I?”

“You look all right,” he said.

“Wally’s crazy,” she said. “The things he says! For some crazy reason or other, he’s got it into his head that I’ve got beautiful eyes, and, well, he just kept talking about them till I didn’t know where to look, I was so embarrassed. I got so red, I thought everybody in the place would be looking at me. I got just as red as a brick. Beautiful eyes! Isn’t he crazy?”

“He’s all right,” he said. “Say, this little McCall girl, she’s had all kinds of offers to go into moving pictures. “Why don’t you go ahead and go?” I told her. But she says she doesn’t feel like it.”

“There was a man up at the lake, two summers ago,” she said. “He was a director or something with one of the big moving-picture people—oh, he had all kinds of influence!—and he used to keep insisting and insisting that I ought to be in the movies. Said I ought to be doing sort of Garbo parts. I used to just laugh at him. Imagine!

“She’s had about a million offers,” he said. “I told her to go ahead and go. She keeps getting these offers all the time.”

“Oh, really ?” she said. “Oh, listen, I knew I had something to ask you. Did you call me up last night, by any chance?”

“Me?” he said. “No, I didn’t call you.”

“While I was out, Mother said this man’s voice kept calling up,” she said. “I thought maybe it might be you, by some chance. I wonder who it could have been. Oh --I guess I know who it was. Yes, that’s who it was.”

“No, I didn’t call you,” he said. “I couldn’t have seen a telephone, last night. What a head I had on me, this morning! I called Carol up, around ten, and she said she was feeling great. Can that girl hold her liquor!”

“It’s a funny thing about me,” she said. “It just makes me feel sort of sick to see a girl drink. It’s just something in me, I guess. I don’t mind a man so much, but it makes me feel perfectly terrible to see a girl get intoxicated. It’s just the way I am, I suppose.”

“Does she carry it!” he said. “And then feels great the next day. There’s a girl! Hey, what are you doing there? I don’t want any more tea, thanks. I’m not one of these tea boys. And these tea rooms give me the jumps. Look at all those old dames, will you? Enough to give you the jumps.”

“Of course, if you’d rather be some place, drinking, with I don’t know what kinds of people,” she said, “I’m sure I don’t see how I can help that. Goodness, there are enough people that are glad enough to take me to tea. I don’t know how many people keep calling me up and pestering me to take me to tea. Plenty of people!”

“All right, all right, I’m here, aren’t I?” he said. “Keep your hair on.”

“I could name them all day,” she said.

“All right,” he said. “What’s there to crab about?” “Goodness, it isn’t any of my business what you do,” he said. “But I hate to see you wasting your time with people that aren’t nearly good enough for you. That’s all.”

“No need worrying over me,” he said. “I’ll be all right. Listen. You don’t have to worry.”

“It’s just I don’t like to see you wasting your time,” she said, “staying up all night and then feeling terribly the next day. Ah, I was forgetting he was so sick. Ah, I was mean, wasn’t I, scolding him when he was so mizzable. Poor boy. How’s he feel now?”

“Oh, I’m all right,” he said. “I feel fine. You want anything else? How about getting a check? I got to make a telephone call before six.”

“Oh, really?” she said. “Calling up Carol?”

“She said she might be in around now,” he said.

“Seeing her tonight?” she said. “She’s going to let me know when I call up,” he said. “She’s probably got about a million dates. Why?”

“I was just wondering,” she said. “Goodness, I’ve got to fly! I’m having dinner with Wally, and he’s so crazy, he’s probably there now. He’s called me up about a hundred times today.”

“Wait till I pay the check,” he said, “and I’ll put you on a bus.”

“Oh, don’t bother,” she said. “It’s right at the corner. I’ve got to fly. I suppose you want to stay and call up your friend from here?”

“It’s an idea,” he said. “Sure you’ll be all right?”

“Oh, sure,” she said. Busily she gathered her gloves and purse, and left her chair. He rose, not quite fully, as she stopped beside him.

“When’ll I see you again?” she said.

“I’ll call you up,” he said. “I’m all tied up, down at the office and everything. Tell you what I’ll do. I’ll give you a ring.”

“Honestly, I have more dates!” she said. “It’s terrible. I don’t know when I’ll have a minute. But you call up, will you?” “I’ll do that,” he said. “Take care of yourself.”

“You take care of yourself,” she said. “Hope you’ll feel all right.”

“Oh, I’m fine,” he said. “Just beginning to come back to life.”

“Be sure and let me know how you feel,” she said “Will you? Sure, now? Well, good-by. Oh, have a good time tonight!”

“Thanks,” he said.

“Hope you have a good time, too.”

“Oh, I will,” she said. “I expect to. I’ve got to rush! Oh, I nearly forgot! Thanks ever so much for the tea. It was lovely.”

“Be yourself, will you?” he said.

“It was,” she said.

“Well. Now don’t forget to call me up, will you? Sure? Well, good-by.”

“So long,” he said.

She walked on down the little lane between the blue-painted tables.

Poetry

The Naked and the Nude

by Robert Graves

For me, the naked and the nude
(By lexicographers construed
As synonyms that should express
The same deficiency of dress
Or shelter) stand as wide apart
As love from lies, or truth from art.

Lovers without reproach will gaze
On bodies naked and ablaze;
The Hippocratic eye will see
In nakedness, anatomy;
And naked shines the Goddess when
She mounts her lion among men.

The nude are bold, the nude are sly
To hold each treasonable eye.
While draping by a showman's trick
Their dishabille in rhetoric,
They grin a mock-religious grin
Of scorn at those of naked skin.

The naked, therefore, who compete

Against the nude may know defeat;
Yet when they both together tread
The briary pastures of the dead,
By Gorgons with long whips pursued,
How naked go the sometimes nude!

Pictorial: Minotaur being led by a Girl



This is a piece by a contemporary Russian artists who was inspired by Picasso's work of the same theme.

The Nude Swim

By Anne Sexton

On the southwest side of Capri
we found a little unknown grotto
where no people were and we
entered it completely
and let our bodies lose all
their loneliness.

All the fish in us
had escaped for a minute.
The real fish did not mind.
We did not disturb their personal life.
We calmly trailed over them
and under them, shedding
air bubbles, little white
balloons that drifted up
into the sun by the boat
where the Italian boatman slept
with his hat over his face.

Water so clear you could
read a book through it.
Water so buoyant you could

float on your elbow.
I lay on it as on a divan.
I lay on it just like
Matisse's Red Odalisque.
Water was my strange flower,
one must picture a woman
without a toga or a scarf
on a couch as deep as a tomb.

The walls of that grotto
were every color blue and
you said, "Look! Your eyes
are seacolor. Look! Your eyes
are skycolor." And my eyes
shut down as if they were
suddenly ashamed.

Nude Descending a Staircase (After Marcel Duchamp)

by Marko Melkior

On a staircase nudes come and go,
speaking of Michaelangelo;
why they do this I've no idea,
my job: simply to record they're here.
I wait below with paint and brush,
ask them to walk slowly not rush,
but they're always in a hurry,
and, of course, I start to worry.
Then a masterstroke, no fuss,
I paint them all on one canvas.
The owner saw what I had done,
he looked, stared hard, seemed rather glum;
then smiled: "You're onto something new ! "
and paid me, handsomely, for the picture too.

Pictorial: Picasso's Wounded Minotaur (Vollard Suite) 1933



Nude Beach

By Robert Emmm

Chalky seagulls glide, abreast.

Hot harpies scream their hungry quest

As lovers scorch a sandy nest.

But higher pitches hush the flock,

Reduced to silent, standing gawk

While worlds collide in carnal lock.

The lovers, lost amidst their sighs,

A daring gull retrieves its prize

And flying panties grace the skies.

Soon other birds join in the game

And more flung garments rise to fame,

An aerial swimsuit show to claim.

The sun seekers all sense the mood

And everybody's clothes are strewed-

Another beach has just turned nude.

Pictorial: The Consultation



Life Drawing of a woman consulting her physician, 1956, Jean Straker, Visual Arts Club, Soho London

Nude Girl on a Fur – Otto Dix

by Marget Murray

She appears in the German room
her presence softens the stark art
as if Rapunzel, old fashioned and cool
has joined a group of celebrities

Caught in a toe-curling moment
letting her hair down
pale blonde fronds morph
into a rumpled pile of goatskins

Men pass by, dismissing her slack
stomach, bandy legs and vacant stare
but babies are impressed
breast is always best

Arrogant artist and jazz dancer,
Dix paints war cripples and marines
lusting after vice girls that make
Lautrec's brothel scenes
look like Tory ladies having tea

He chose a leg-twisting pose

for the girl on the fur
she lies motionless
while pins and needles
jitterbug in her thighs

I see Dix and the girl dancing to
decadent jazz in a dark cabaret
and her flinching
when he asks her to come up
and be his etching.

Pictorial: Picasso's Minotaur and his Love (Vollard Suite) 1933



Nude Descending a Stairway

By Aristto

Teddy Roosevelt
the former President
said that you
(in a review somewhere)
resembled nothing more
than an "explosion in a shingle factory."

The fool!
Who died and left him
Art Critic?
He knows nothing of your origins
the sweat and blood it took
to get you ready for this event.
Why all NY has come to see you
Gertrude Stein herself
has anteed up the rent.

Now it's time for your debut.
The American Public too long denied
(the smugness of the avant garde)
has gathered at the Armory
to see the crème of Europe's best.

So why the gasps, the startled stares
appalled, repulsed?
My God I'd take you anywhere!

Am I the only one that sees
your sexiness
your liquid grace, your elbows
neck and knees at play
propelled by art's fast energies.
Your body seen through diamond eyes
cascades down the staggered steps
exploding splendid body parts
in timely wise prognostications
of those upcoming grand events.

Sonnet in Search of an Author

by William Carlos Williams

Nude bodies like peeled logs
sometimes give off a sweetest
odor, man and woman

under the trees in full excess
matching the cushion of

aromatic pine-drift fallen
threaded with trailing woodbine
a sonnet might be made of it

Might be made of it! odor of excess
odor of pine needles, odor of
peeled logs, odor of no odor
other than trailing woodbine that

has no odor, odor of a nude woman
sometimes, odor of a man.

Take the High Road – Few Souls Will Follow You There

by Patrick Bruskiewich

I know not how to start the tale
nor how to end it. Perhaps it will
end itself in time. It leaves me pale
to think of it. It leaves me ill
at heart. Take the high road –
few souls will follow you there,
Take the low and your mood
will be crowded out. Care
that you do not trip up
for the vultures will start
to circle, they'll gather to sup,
hoping to tear you apart.
They'll throw you over
the first chance they get
and leave your bones
to blanch in the sun

Pictorial: What a Wild Party



Jean Straker, Visual Arts Club, Soho London

Feminine Beauty and the Visual Art Club of Soho

Cover girls are meant to draw

 The eyes, and pence from pockets;

Those uncovered often score

 A pride of place in lockets.

Connoisseurs of visual art

 Make patronage a duty

When figure studies from the start

 Merge artistry with beauty.

Model forms of graceful line,

 Virtue unadorned displayed

Back our cover girl's design:—

 Fair exchange for money paid.

Jean Straker

Visual Arts Club, Soho London

Marcel Duchamp's Nude Descending A Staircase

by Maureen McGreavy

Ahead of her time

A cascade of lines

Crossed

The least of which was nudity

Pictorial: Picasso's Minotaur, Two Women and Bacchus, 1933



Sonnets Actualities by e.e. cummings

I

When my love comes to see me it's
just a little like music, a
little more like curving colour (say
orange)
against silence, or darkness ...

.

the coming of my love emits
a wonderful smell in my mind,

you should see when i turn to find
her how my least heart-beat becomes less.
And then all her beauty is a wise

whose stilling lips murder suddenly me,

but of my corpse the tool her smile makes something
suddenly luminous and precise
—and then we are I and She ...

.

what is that the hurdy-gurdy's playing

II

it is funny, you will be dead some day.

By you the mouth hair eyes, and i mean
the unique and nervously obscene
need; it's funny. They will all be dead
knead of lustful hunched deeply to play
lips and stare the gross fuzzy-pash
—dead—and the dark gold delicately smash ...

.
grass, and the stars, of my shoulder instead.

It is a funny thing. And you will be
and i and all the days and nights that matter
knocked by sun moon jabbed jerked with ecstasy
... tremble (not knowing how much better
than me will you like the rain's face and
the rich improbable hands of the Wind)

IV

utterly and amusingly i am pash
possibly because
dusk and if it
perhaps dreamingly Is (not quite
trees hugging with the rash,
coherent light
) only to trace with
stiffening slow shrill eyes beyond a fit
and cling of stuffs the alert willing myth
of body, which will make oddly to strut

my indolent priceless smile,
until
this very frail enormous star (do you see
it?) and this shall dance upon the nude
and final silence and shall the
(i do but touch you) timid lewd
moon plunge skilfully into the hill.

V

before the fragile gradual throne of night
slowly when several stars arc opening
one beyond one immaculate curving
cool treasures of silence
(slenderly wholly
rising, herself uprearing wholly slowly,
lean in the hips and her sails filled with dream

—

when on a green brief gesture of twilight
trembles the imagined galleon of Spring)
somewhere unspeaking sits my life; the grim
clenched mind of me somewhere begins again,
shares the year's perfect agony. Waiting
(always) upon a fragile instant when
herself me (slowly, wholly me) will press
in the young lips unearthly slenderness

VI

when i have thought of you somewhat too
much and am become perfectly and
simply Lustful ... sense a gradual stir
of beginning muscle, and what it will do
to me before shutting ... understand
i love you ... feel your suddenly body reach
for me with a speed of white speech
(the simple instant of perfect hunger

Yo)

how beautifully swims
the fooling world in my huge blood,
cracking brains A swiftly enormous light
—and furiously puzzling through, prismatic, whims,
the chattering self perceives with hysterical fright
a comic tadpole wriggling in delicious mud

VII

fabulous against, a fathoming jelly
of vital futile huge light as she
does not standing unsits
her (wrist
performs a thundering trivial) ity
protuberant through the room's skilful of thing
silent spits discrete lumps of noise ...

.

furniture
unsolemnly :bur sting
the skinfull of Ludicrous solidity which a kissed
with is nearness.(peers body of
aching toys
in unsmooth sexual luminosity spree.
—dear) the uncouthly Her thuglike stare the
pollenizing vacancy
when Thy patters?hands ... is swig
it docs who eye sO neatly big

X

if i should sleep with a lady called death
get another man with firmer lips
to take your new mouth in his teeth
(hips pumping pleasure into hips).
Seeing how the limp huddling string
of your smile over his body squirms
kissingly, i will bring you every spring
handfulls of little normal worms.
Dress deftly your flesh in stupid stuffs,
phrase the immense weapon of your hair.
Understanding why his eye laughs,
i will bring you every year
something which is worth the whole,
an inch of nothing for your soul.

XI

my naked lady framed
in twilight is an accident
whose niceness betters easily the intent
of genius

painting wholly feels ashamed
before this music, and poetry cannot
go near because perfectly fearful.
meanwhile these speak her wonderful
But i (having in my arms caught
the picture) hurry it slowly
to my mouth, taste the accurate demure
ferocious
rhythm of
precise
laziness. Eat the price
of an imaginable gesture
exact warm unholy

XIII

upon the room's
silence, i will sew
a nagging button of candlelight
(halfstooping to exactly kiss the trite

worm of her nakedness
until it go
rapidly to bed: i will get in with
it, wisely, pester skilfully, teasing
its lips, absurd eyes, the hair). Creasing
its smoothness—and leave the bed agrin with
memories
(this white worm and i who
love to feel what it will do
in my bulleying fingers)
as for the candle, it'll
turn into a little curse
of wax. Something, distinct and amusing brittle

XIV

the ivory performing rose
of you, worn upon my mind
all night, quitting only in the unkind
dawn its muscle amorous
pricks with minute odour these gross
days
when i think of you and do not live:
and the empty twilight cannot grieve
nor the autumn, as i grieve, faint for your face
O stay with me slightly, or until
with neat obscure obvious hands

Time stuff the sincere stomach of each mill
of the ingenious gods, (i am punished.
They have stolen into recent lands
the flower
with their enormous fingers unwished

XVI

a blue woman with sticking out breasts hanging
clothes. On the line, not so old
for the mother of twelve undershirts(we are told
by is it Bishop Taylor who needs hanging
that marriage is a sure cure for masturbation).
A dirty wind twitches the clothes which are clean
—this is twilight,
a little puppy hopping between
skipping
children
(It is the consummation
of day the hour)she says to me you big fool
she says i says to her i says Sally
i says
the
mmmoon, begins to drool
softly in the hot alley,
a begger's voice feels curiously cool
(suddenly-Lights go! On by schedule

XIX

the mind is its own beautiful prisoner.
Mine looked long at the sticky moon
opening in dusk her new wings
then decently hanged himself, one afternoon.
The last thing he saw was you
naked amid unnaked things,
your flesh, a succinct wandlike animal,
a little strolling with the futile purr
of blood; your sex squeaked like a billiard-cue
chalking itself, as not to make an error,
with twists spontaneously methodical.
He suddenly tasted worms windows and roses
he laughed, and closed his eyes as a girl closes
her left hand upon a mirror.

XXI

when you went away it was morning
(that is, big horses; light feeling up
streets; heels taking derbies (where?) a pup
hurriedly hunched over swill; one butting
trolley imposingly empty; snickering
shop doors unlocked by white-grub
faces) clothed in delicate hubbub
as you stood thinking of anything,

maybe the world ... But i have wondered since
isn't it odd of you really to lie
a sharp agreeable flower between my
amused legs
kissing with little dints
of april, making the obscene shy
breasts tickle, laughing when i wilt and wince

XXII

you asked me to come: it was raining a little,
and the spring; a clumsy brightness of air
wonderfully stumbled above the square,
little amorous-tadpole people wiggled
battered by stuttering pearl,
leaves jiggled
to the jiggling fragrance of newness
—and then. My crazy fingers liked your dress
.... your kiss, your kiss was a distinct brittle
flower, and the flesh crisp set
my love-tooth on edge. So until light
each having each we promised to forget

—

wherefore is there nothing left to guess:
the cheap intelligent thighs, the electric trite
thighs; the hair stupidly priceless.

XXIII

and this day it was Spring us
drew lewdly the murmurous minute clumsy
smell of the world. We intricately
alive, cleaving the luminous stammer of bodies
(eagerly just not each other touch) seeking, some
street which easily trickles a brittle fuss
of fragile huge humanity ...

.

Numb

thoughts, kicking in the rivers of our blood, miss
by how terrible inches speech—it
made you a little dizzy did the world's smell
(but i was thinking why the girl-and-bird
of you move ... moves ... and also, i'll admit—
)

Till at the corner of Nothing and Something, we heard
a hand organ in twilight playing like hell

XXIV

i like my body when it is with your
body. It is so quite new a thing.
Muscles better and nerves more.
i like your body, i like what it docs,
i like its hows, i like to feel the spine
of your body and its bones, and the trembling

-firm-smooth ness and which i will
again and again and again
kiss, i like kissing this and that of you,
i like, slowly stroking the, shocking fuzz
of your electric furr, and what-is-it-comes
over parting flesh And eyes big love-crumbs
and possibly i like the thrill
of under me you so quite new

Four Poems about the Moon by D. H. Lawrence

A White Blossom

A tiny moon as white and small as a single jasmine flower
Leans all alone above my window, on night's wintry bower,
Liquid as lime-tree blossom, soft as brilliant water or rain
She shines, the one white love of my youth, which all sin cannot stain.

A Pang of Reminiscence

High and smaller goes the moon, she is small and very far from me,
Wistful and candid, watching me wistfully, and I see
Trembling blue in her pallor a tear that surely I have seen before,
A tear which I had hoped that even hell held not again in store.

Dream-Confused

Is that the moon
At the window so big and red?
No one in the room,
No one near the bed?

Listen, her shoon
Palpitating down the stair? —
Or a beat of wings at the window there?

A moment ago
She kissed me warm on the mouth,
The very moon in the south
Is warm with a bloody glow.
The moon from far abysses
Signalling those two kisses.

And now the moon
Goes slowly out of the west.
And slowly back in my breast
My kisses are sinking, soon
To leave me at rest.

Aware

Slowly the moon is rising out of the ruddy haze,
Divesting herself of her golden shift, and so
Emerging white and exquisite; and I In amaze
See In the sky before me, a woman I did not know
I loved, but there she goes and her beauty hurts my heart;
I follow her down the night, begging her not to depart.

Three Love Poems by Paul Veraine

in translation from French

Sappho

With hollow eyes and breasts rigid, furious,
Sappho, irritated by her supreme desire,
As a she-wolf by the sea runs ravenous.

Dreaming of Phaon, not of her own heart's fire,
She, seeing to this point disdained her caresses
Tears with angry hands at her tragic tresses.

Then unrepentant for herself she evokes
Her passionate desires to satiety.
Where lust turns lust and dies as ardently
In sleeping virgins spirits she invokes:
She lowers her weary eyelids where hill smokes
And leaps into the depth of the Red Sea:
Pale in the sky Silene intolerably
Avenges the Virgins that her madness strokes.

Les Amies

One had sixteen years and the other less:

Both of them slept in the same scented room.
It was a September night, the room hid gloom,
And both were equal in their wantonness.
Each has quitted, to show her nakedness,
The fine nightdress that keeps its flesh perfume.
The younger bends, so women bend their womb,
And her sister kisses her breasts that rise to the caress,
Then falls on her knees, then becomes mad and wild,
And all her mouth exultant of that child
Plunges in the grey shadows, that held the night's
Treasures; and the child, beyond all beguiling,
Counts her dene tune as the sense in her invites
The tragedy that is destroyed by sin's defiling.

Filles

She had the salt of sin within her.
She had no powder in her tresses
O loved of Venus, one confesses
The stingless beauty of this sinner!

But I believe her mine, she named me
So, for her tresses and grimaces
Her heats erotic and her graces
That by all its ends inflamed me.

She is to me more than a rapture
As a flamboyant pregnant creature
Before the sacred door, each feature
And all that burning bush may capture!

Who could swear on her salvation
If not I her priest, whose song surpassed her.
And her humble slave and her master.
Who would endure for her damnation.

This body rare that has no virtue.
As white as are the reddest roses
And whiter still than any roses.
Like purple lilies, that can hurt you.

Fair thighs, ripe breasts and what intense is
In the back, the reins, the belly, none rests there
Feast for the eyes and the hand that quests there.
And for the mouth and all the senses?

Dcar» let us see if still thy bed
Has under the curtains for my vizard
The moving pillows of the wizard
And the mad bed clothes—towards thy bed.

Pictorials

Artist Model Olive Ann Alcorn, circa 1920





















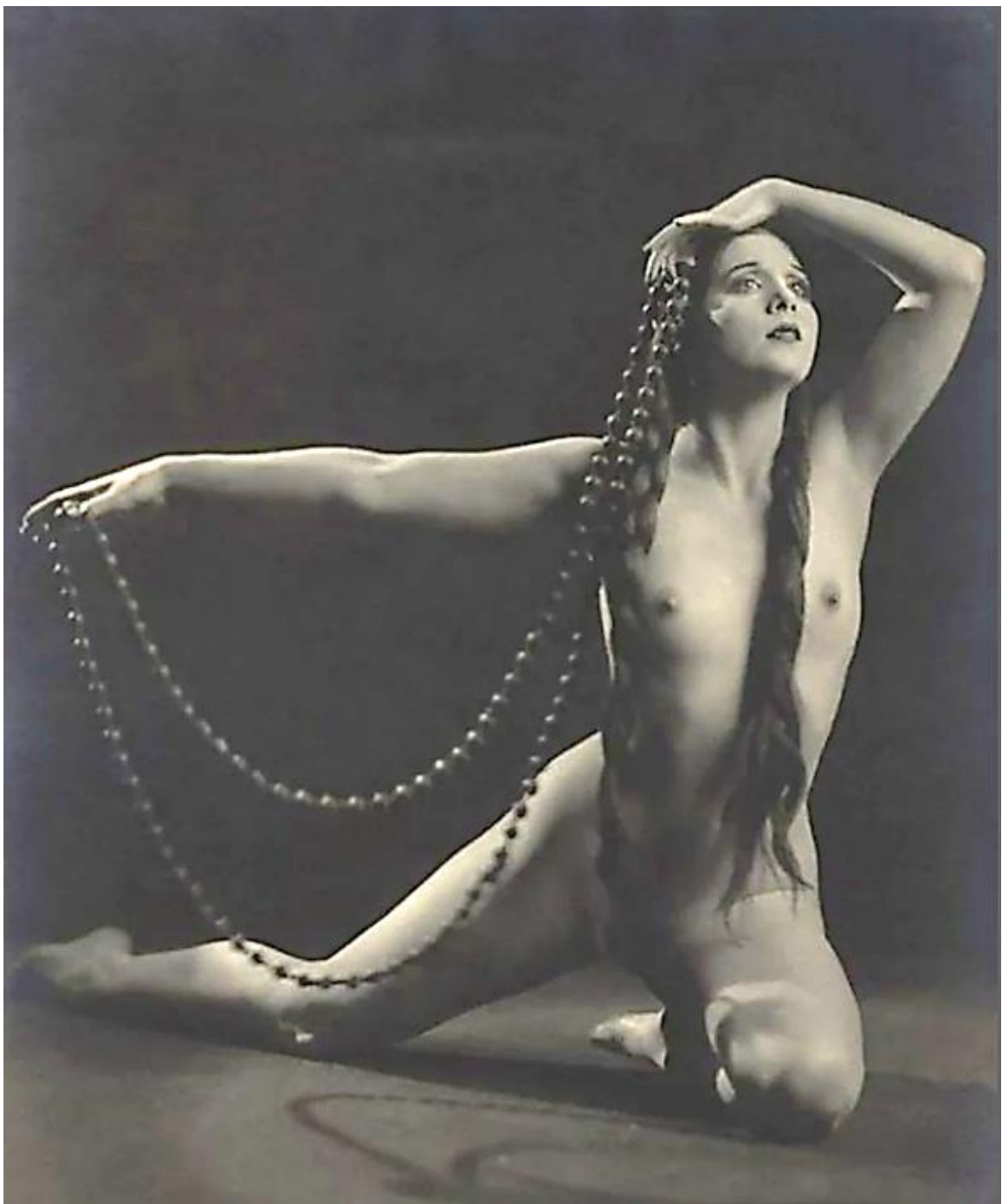




































































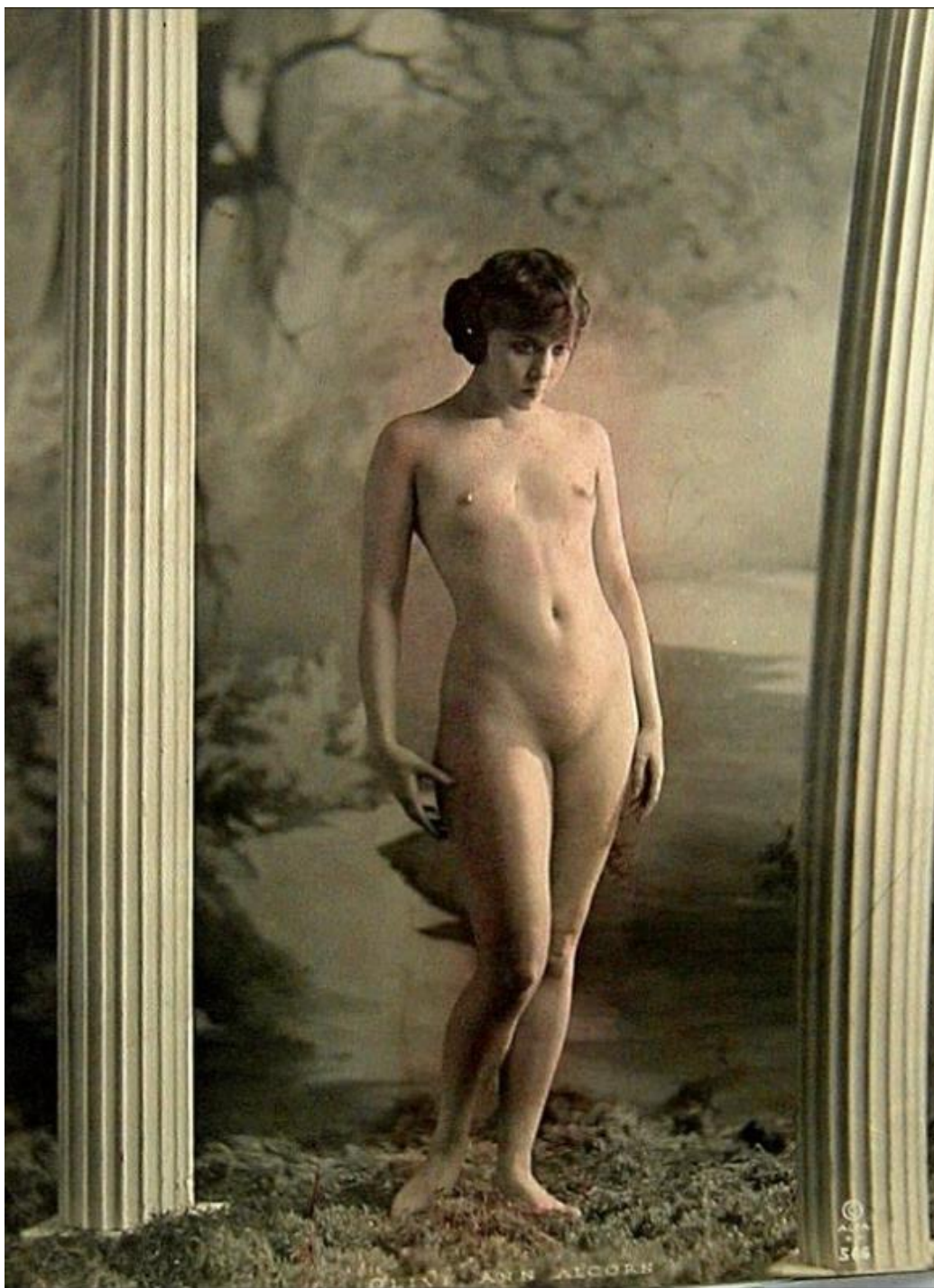












Pictorial: Picasso's Minotaur with a Wounded Horse



Popcorn

{Popcorn: Popular + Corny ...}

How to Manhandle ... by Emilie Wu

I have a Chinese boyfriend who enjoys being manhandled. He recently asked my sister and I to photograph him as I manhandled him. He is a bit kinky to be perfectly honest. I had never seen him so big. Perhaps it was the fact that we were photographing him, or perhaps it was the presence of my sister (who flirts with him all the time).

Here are the pics! Today he sort of reminds me of a sea cucumber.



He particularly enjoys when I tug on his scrotum.



I ask him if this hurts and while he says no I can tell by the expression on his face that it does.



Then he asks me to tug harder!



After a few minutes of tugging his balls starts to turn blue.



Then he says twist and squeeze harder ...

and so I twist ...

and I squeeze as hard as I can ...



Now it's time he says ... So I begin to masturbate him



as I squeeze his balls tightly in an instance he comes ...



... and comes ... he sprays all over ...



which really surprised me (my sister couldn't stop giggling).

The Surréal

Why Do Boys Have Breasts? By Aki ...

It really is not fair. I am a girl ... but I don't have breasts. I have A-cups!



My boyfriend has bigger breasts than I do. (by the way my boyfriend took this picture of me opening my door for him on his birthday).

Why do boys have breasts? They will never use them. We all know why girls have breasts. One day when we have a baby we will need to feed them.

The last time I went in to see my doctor I begged her to tell me how I can make my breasts bigger naturally.

She smiled and said, ‘there is only one way ...’

I waited silently for a half minute ... I think she thought I could guess. Then I asked.

“Get pregnant ...” then she immediately said, “but you are still too young to be a mother just yet. Be patient.”

So I asked her “why boys have breasts?”

The answer she gave me was astonishing.

“We all start out as girls in our mother’s belly. After seven weeks the testicles of the little boy starts to produce testosterone and that’s when he becomes a boy.” Then she smiled and asked “would you like to learn more?”

I nodded.

“The things that make you a girl has their analogues in a boy. You have ovaries, he has testicles. You have a uterus, he has a scrotum, which is a muscle very similar to the uterus.”

“Oh ... I didn’t know that!”

“Did you notice that a boy’s scrotum hangs down where your vagina is.”

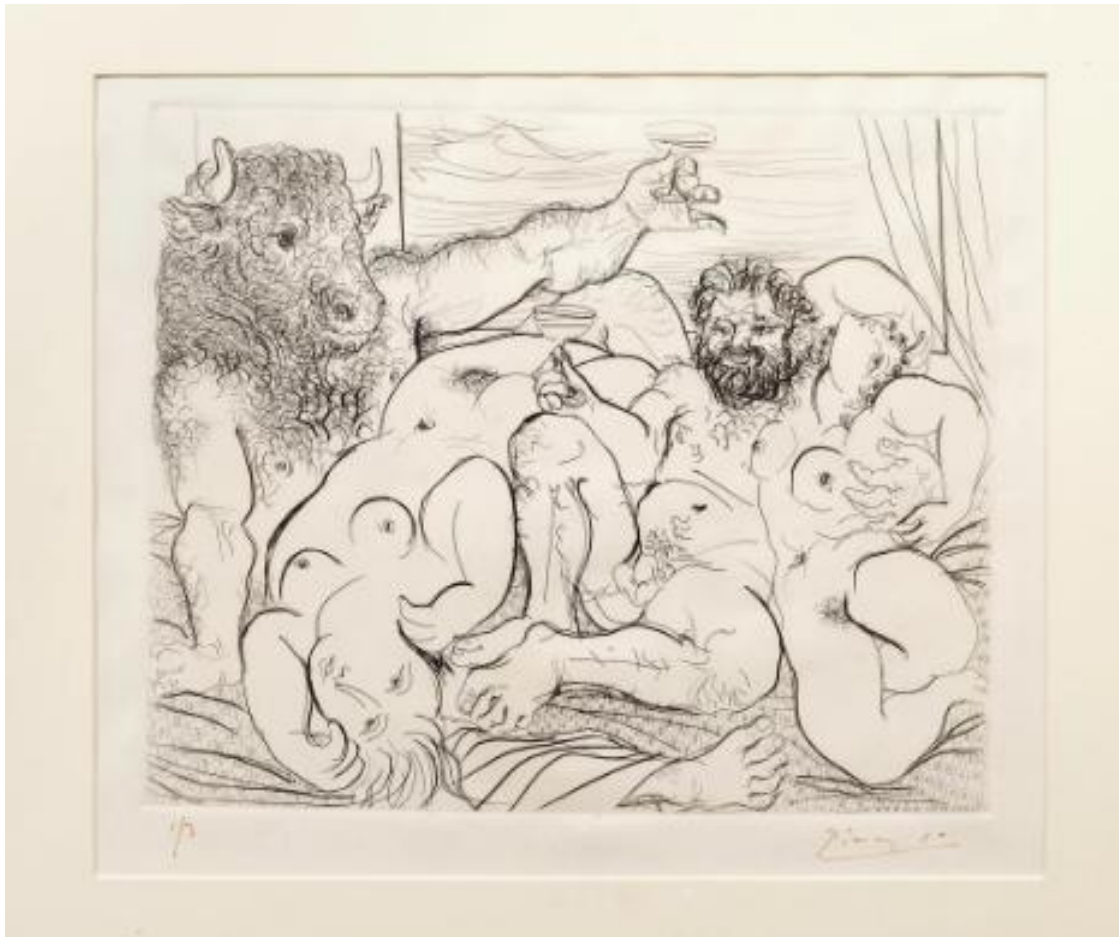
I shook my head.

“Your clitoris is his penis ... but your clitoris is many times more sensitive than his penis.” I could feel myself starting to blush so she stopped.

“The breasts are fatty tissue. When you need your breasts they will fill out. You should be thankful you don’t have to carry around so much extra fat.”

The next time I saw his boy breasts I smiled at my boyfriend and said “I think you need to go on a diet!”

Pictorial: Picasso's Minotaur and Bacchii from 1933



Boys and their Small Toys by Reiko

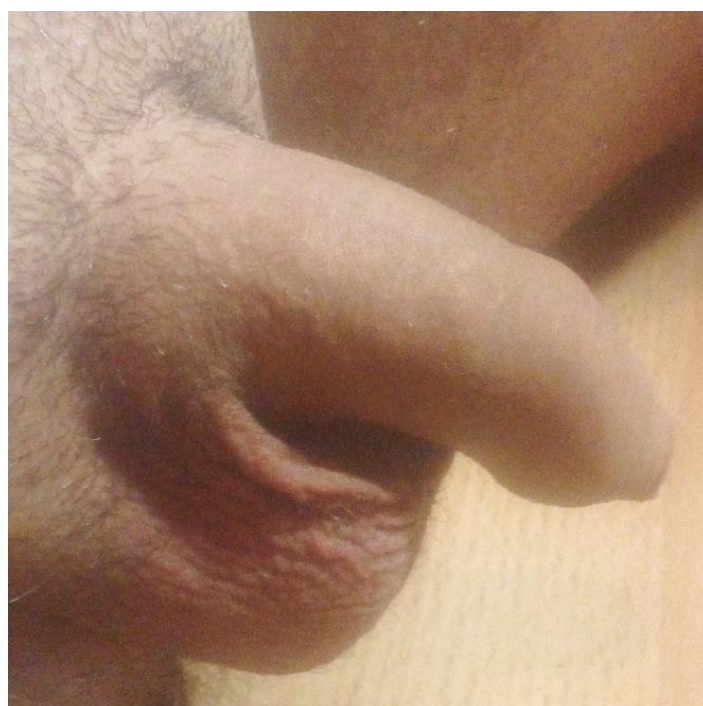
[Tokyo] It must be hard for a boy to be small. Being big is sort of the expectation. I have had several boy friends with ‘small toys.’ I met them because I told the boys I knew that I enjoy small surprises.

For every dozen boys I met in high school or university, I discovered that there is one with a with *chisana penisu*. I was in grade nine when I first decided to play games with the boys at my school, just because I was curious. I would not let them have their way with me ... in fact I managed to get through high school ... *shojo no mama*. I was careful.

Instead I would get them to let me have my way with them. I like to draw and take photographs. Before I would go out on a date with a boy I would ask him *does size matter?* That was their queue. If they blushed I knew that they were embarrassed because they were small. In asking this innocent question, what I would many times receive would be *penisu pickucha*.

If I liked what I saw and if I asked in just the right way, I would go out with them and they would let me do draw or photograph them. And then if they were really good ... I would give them a helping hand and a happy ending to our evening together.

Here are pictures of some of the boys with their small toys:

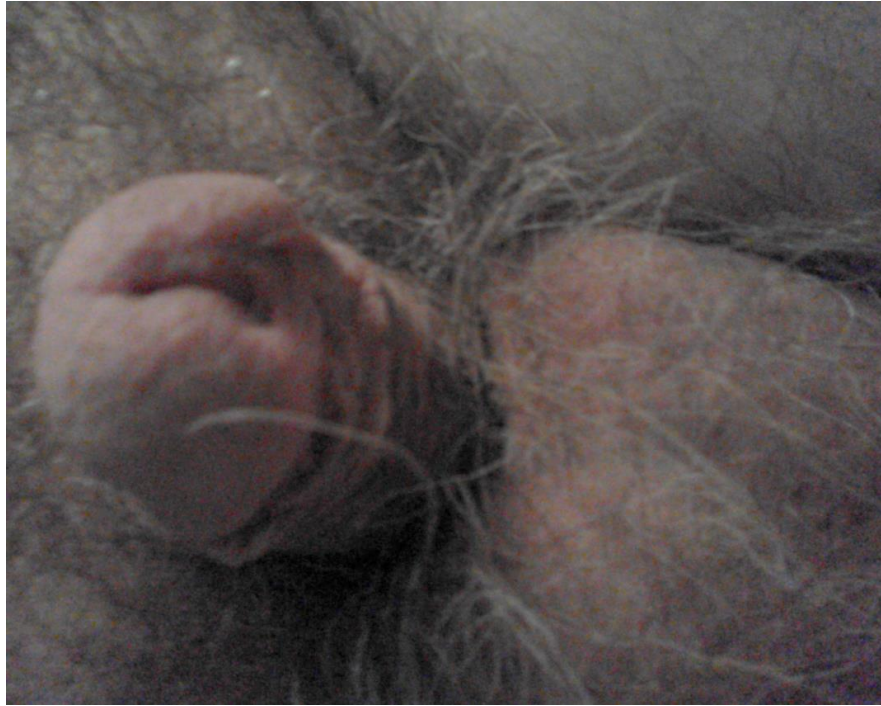






These are pictures of my current boyfriend (I took them as he slept so don't tell him!) He is the best I have ever known.





Isn't he cute? No you can't have him. He is all mine!

Do you prefer boys with small toys? You would be surprise how many women do!

I am small for a girl and believe me when I say that *Siazu wa juyo desu!*

Novella:

The Woman and the Orchid by Andrew Soutar

Kavanagh was on the sentimental side, fulfilled all the demands of the dramatist. There was only one woman in his life, and one idea in his mind, which was that if he couldn't marry her he would creep into some corner of the world where none might know of his sorrow. In all other respects, Kavanagh was highly acceptable to those who set a value upon manliness.

He was in the north of Japan, professing some interest in afforestation, when he learned that the one woman in the world had married a certain John Maxwell, who had taken away from her people the fear of impoverishment, and brought to her an orchid of his own discovering that was to bear her name. Since Kavanagh would have gone on loving her memory even if she had died, it was not unnatural in him that the triumph of Maxwell as a rival should be of no great significance. He remained three years in the north of Japan; then he received a letter from Eunice that changed him from a man of deep reticence and brooding countenance to one of eager desire and re-established belief in the goodness of Providence. In her letter, she told him the story of three years of utter indifference and selfishness. Maxwell was gone on one of his orchid-hunting expeditions in the East Indies. He had been away more than twelve months, and in that time he had written to her only twice, and then in cold, unforgiving language. There had been quarrels from the very beginning. His mind and time were devoted entirely to the hobby of his life, and as she could not—would not, in his opinion—share the “magic beauty” of that hobby, he felt that she had no other claim on him than that represented by an allowance paid through his solicitors.

There was a time, she wrote, when Jay Kavanagh would have yielded up every other interest in his life to serve a woman who lost him because, like him, she set duty first. She wondered if Jay Kavanagh remembered, and if, in the hour of the woman's trouble, he would help her....

“In my last letter to John Maxwell, I protested against the refined cruelty of deserting a wife, knowing that she and her people were dependent on him—deserting her, yet making of a solicitor a sort of relieving officer, an agent who measured out an allowance with a covert sneer on his face that was meant to remind her of her helplessness. The last letter I received from John Maxwell came from Borneo. He was going up country, he said, and expected to be back in about three months. Nothing has been heard of him since. Can you find him for me?”

There were other things in the letter that showed how deeply and accurately she had plumbed the depths of Kavanagh's mind. He was prevented by those other things from rushing across the world to her side; but between the lines of the letter he read the unwritten promise of the oasis after three years in the desert.

He sailed from Hakodadi on a coastal steamer the night after receiving her letter, and disembarked at Tokyo in order to replenish a travel-worn kit and make inquiries about the chances of getting down to Borneo and into the interior with mercurial speed. He cabled to her from the city of mud and bamboo, informing her that he was on his way to Borneo; and thenceforward

his movements were swift and dramatic. It was as though the whole of the Eastern Hemisphere had become "privy to his thoughts; there was the song of imminent triumph in the boisterousness of the wind; the typhoon that struck the ship off Formosa was all laughter and encouragement to him; the hum and roar of the engines were a musical accompaniment to the dream-songs in his brain. Then he was in the lazy, sensuous, aromatic splendor of the East Indian Archipelago. In the shimmer of the heat he saw the vision of Eunice as on the day when he saw her for the first time—a fragile slip of a girl in white linen; in the cool of the eastern night, with a purple sky and a moon that silvered the ocean from the side of the ship to the rim of the world, he saw her laughing at him from out of the shadows, beckoning to him from the white path that lay across the sea. And when he got to Sarawak, and heard the name of John Maxwell mentioned within five minutes of his arrival, he was guilty of a superstitious feeling that the whole world had suddenly dropped its interest in other things and was concerning itself with him, and John Maxwell, and Eunice.

It was on the veranda of the Batavia Hotel, where he was trying to wash the heat out of his throat with iced drinks, that he met Bruch, a tall, thin, weedy Dutchman, who chewed tobacco and drank “planters’ champagne.” He was not the type of man to appeal to Kavanagh, whose soul revolted against nothing so much as untrimmed finger-nails. Bruch appeared to have used his for every task imaginable. It was Bruch who opened the conversation.

“Rubber, I reckon?” he said, spitting at a lizard on the wall.

“No,” said Kavanagh. “Orchids.”

Whereupon Bruch lifted his eyebrows and said: “Are you Westerners mad on orchids?”

“As dingoes,” said Kavanagh. “Do you know anything?”

“If you’re a collector, yes. But you’ve got to pay my price. I can put you on to the craziest things in orchids. I knew something about ’em—orchids that small you need to look through a microscope at them, orchids as big as that span above your head, orchids that are alive. Did ye get that, stranger? Absolutely alive. I’ve known ’em eat a man. Now, call me a liar!”

“If we’d been talking about anything else save orchids,” said Kavanagh, “I should have called you one; but orchids seem capable of anything. I’m a collector.”

Bruch nodded approvingly. “I’m in rubber, myself,” he said. “True, you get more money for an orchid, but you’ve got the selling, to some mad fool, and there ain’t many of them about. Rubber you can sell to anybody. There was a man of the name of Maxwell—”

Kavanagh was lighting a cheroot at the moment. He paused and looked over the flame at his man.

“John Maxwell?” he suggested. “He was a famous collector.”

“Why was a collector?” asked Bruch.

“The last time I saw Maxwell he was tough enough, but madder than a coolie who’d gone to bed with a bottle of rye whiskey.” “I’m looking for John Maxwell.”

“Of course you are,” said Bruch, “else you wouldn’t be making so many inquiries about him.”

Kavanagh had made inquiries of only two persons in the town, but he wasn’t surprised at Bruch’s remark.

“Friend of his?” asked Bruch’.

“No,” said Kavanagh, “I can’t say that I am. But I’m rather anxious to meet him. I suppose it’s the same man .we’re talking about?”

“Well, now, how would you describe him?” said Bruch.

“I’ve never seen him in my life. All I know is that he’s been out here twelve months or more.”

“Moneyed man, isn’t he?”

“I believe so.”

“Cantankerous sort of fellow? Not the man that you’d like to make up to? I’ve heard of some of his dealings, and the way he handles the Dyaks he takes into the interior with him on his orchid-hunts. This isn’t a very big island, mister, but you can get far enough away to cut a man in two with a whip without anybody hearing about it. Oh! I know something about Maxwell. Married, isn’t he? No children. A babyish, spoiled fellow. But did you know that he had a chest as thick as a piece of paper? What fools to themselves these orchid hunters are! They go plunging about in swamps and risking their lives again and again—for what? Just to be the first to pick up a cussed flower that dies if you look at it two minutes on end. Now, if a man had to do that for a living, there’d be something in it, but Maxwell, as you say, is supposed to be a moneyed man.”

They went on talking in this strain until Kavanagh made the discovery that he liked Bruch. The man fascinated him principally because of his dry and unemotional narrating of adventures. He was familiar with every island in the Archipelago, had made fortunes and lost them, had gambled with death and taken his chance like a man in a thousand-and-one tight comers. He was rough in speech, but once he had shed the natural suspicion with which an adventurer looks upon a stranger, he was wonderfully simple, and as grateful for human sympathy as any woman.

Kavanagh dined with him at the hotel that night, and found that he was in a fairly influential position in the town, was looked up to by the hotel servants, and apparently had money to spend.

Kavanagh, himself, was not a communicative man, but the wine was very comforting that night, and soberness and clarity of thought were not possible in view of all that had come to pass. He was like a lover with a secret, a secret that would be joyous only if it could be imparted to another. Almost before he knew what he had done, his story was told; and as Bruch was in no wise sympathetic towards John Maxwell, Kavanagh was conscious of a bond of understanding between himself and the Dutchman. He said to Bruch:

“I am going up-country to find John Maxwell.”

“Steady,” said Bruch. “I didn’t believe you this afternoon when you said you were an orchid hunter. I’ll be frank; I got it into my head that you were a hunter of orchid hunters. Now, don’t you risk a white, clean life for a man like Maxwell. I’m a gambler; I’ve gambled in every port in the world, gambled for a fortune ... yes, and gambled for a drink of water. But no one has even known Jan Bruch to mix in a gamble when the stakes was a woman. It isn’t worth it. Now, if you’re out to make money ...”

“I’m not.”

“I was going to suggest rubber,” said Bruch, not at all disappointed, judging from the tone of his voice. “But if money isn’t in your line, there’s nothing else for me to suggest, unless it is that you’re out for a halter. Maxwell married the woman, didn’t he? What right have you to interfere?”

‘I’m interfering because I believe that I can bring them together again,’ said Kavanagh.

“Which,” said Bruch, before emptying his wineglass, “is such an easy lie that I blamed near swallowed it.”

“It isn’t a lie,” said Kavanagh; “and if I were not your guest at this table—”

“Jaj ja,” said Bruch, with great composure, “and you’re big enough to do it; and that’s the pity of it. There are so many jobs waiting to be done in this world that I don’t like the idea of your going up into the interior to run the risk of fever or all the other troubles that are awaiting orchid hunters and—and other fools.”

Said Kavanagh: “If I’ve got to search this island from the north to the south, I’m going to find John Maxwell.” He said it loudly, because the memory of Eunice and the strength of the wine heated his blood. He said it, too, in a threatening tone of voice, and was only brought to himself by Bruch tapping warningly on the table with the handle of a knife. The proprietor of the hotel was standing just behind Kavanagh’s chair. He wanted to know how long Mr. Kavanagh intended to make his stay.

Presently, Bruch said: “Well, if so be your mind’s made up, all that’s left to me is to thank you for a very pleasant meeting. When a man has been hogging it alone for years among niggers and port trash, there’s nothing helps him to believe that he’s still a man so much as meeting a white, clean, intelligent

fellow who isn't out to make money. All I know about Maxwell is that he went into the interior, maybe twelve months ago, as near as I can figure it out. He was sitting in this very hotel, at the table next to ours, sitting with a man I used to know when I was working an orchid shipment. Maxwell talked about the darned flowers until everybody in the room was sick of the sound of his voice. A quaint little fellow he is, too, with a face all shriveled up like a chimpanzee, and eyes just as wicked. Some mighty queer stories he told about an orchid. ... Now, what did he call it? ... *A Van Hookey* ..."

"*Vanda Hookeriana*?" suggested Kavanagh.

"I don't know," said Bruch; "it was a queer story about a Dyak, and poison, and the smell of the thing turning a man's brain. I was glad to see the back of Maxwell. No man would trust him far. While he was in this room he was talking about experimenting with certain orchids that could remove any man he had a grudge against; all he had to do was to leave an orchid in the room where he was sleeping. Now, tell me, why are men like that given such brains? It don't seem right, to me. ... If it had been money you was out for, I could put you in the way of getting it."

"I want to get up-country," said Kavanagh, "and I'll thank you for some hints. I suppose it's possible to get hold of a guide?"

"Who'd probably slit your throat," said Bruch, pleasantly, "and that before you'd covered twenty miles. Have you ever had the handling of Dyaks? Because only a Dyak could get you through."

“I’m not afraid to go alone,” said Kavanagh, jealous of his reputation as an explorer. “I’ve just come down from the north of Japan, where they’d never seen a white man until they set eyes on me. That was right in the interior.”

Bruch was nodding slowly, as though already he had decided in his own mind that Kavanagh was a man of resolution and skill as a traveler. “You’ll have to get up to the Barito River, and when you strike it, follow the course down towards the sea. You’ll be certain to find Max— well there. I heard him say that he had his own place, and didn’t know of a Western house that was anything like as comfortable.”

“I suppose you wouldn’t care to accompany me?” Kavanagh suggested.

“No, I would not,” Bruch replied, without any hesitation. “When a man has two or three rubber plantations to keep his eye on, he’s not going to waste his time hunting up mad orchid collectors. I’m clearing out first thing in the morning for Java. I shall be away some months. I’ve told you all I know about Maxwell. Go up and take your chance, if you like, but it isn’t a job that I’d like to send a son of mine on, if I had a son.”

They remained in each other’s company until long after midnight, and Kavanagh left Bruch feeling that the hours had been well spent in his company. He was a study, a type of man that excited the Western imagination; and while he was crude in speech, one fact impressed itself on Kavanagh’s

mind—his table manners were perfect, and once or twice he used an expression that hinted at an education far above the ordinary.

A strange thing happened to Kavanagh in his room that night. Before he had been in bed ten minutes he was conscious of a drowsy, sickening odor. He got out of bed to open the door, so that the slight night breeze blowing in through the open windows might purify the room. Before his foot touched the floor, a hideous scarlet film came over his eyes; there was a tickling sensation in his throat. He managed to reach the door opening on the corridor, and the fall of his body awakened Bruch, who was sleeping in the next room-but one. The proprietor of the hotel, a Spaniard, also came to his assistance. When he recovered, he described what had happened, but when the proprietor said, in a meek voice of protest, “My wine is of the best, Senor,” Kavanagh remembered that he had accepted too liberally of Bruch’s hospitality at table. All the same, he asked that he might have another room, and this was given him. Neither Kavanagh nor the hotel proprietor saw Bruch take from beneath the pillow the two purple and yellow petals.

Kavanagh’s journey into the interior and thence north ward, is not to be described at any length. Whenever possible, he made use; of the services of Dyaks, but, trusting to Bruch’s valuation of their loyalty, he did not rely too much upon them. Nearly a month passed from the time he left the hotel until he reached the Barito River. For one whole week he had traveled alone, and without coming upon any sign of a living person. On the morning of the eighth day, he sighted a roughly strung-together bungalow, erected on a miniature plateau, and facing the river. Behind it stretched the primeval forest of sandal-

wood, gums, spices, camphor, a forest so dense as to seem utterly impenetrable. The climate, which had been well-nigh intolerable further south, was worse the further he got away from the equatorial line, thus confounding the hopes with which he had been buoying himself ... It was hot and clammy and terribly enervating; moreover, the flood season was long since past, and the river sagged lazily between low banks of evil-smelling mud which gave off a miasma that made Kavanagh value more than ever the stock of quinine with which he had fortified himself.

There was no sign of life about the bungalow, but when he raised his voice and called “Maxwell!” what appeared to be a panther threw up its head on the fringe of the forest, and turning, bolted precipitately into the undergrowth. He called again, “Maxwell!” and, now, he was within the compound. From somewhere inside the bungalow came an answer, a weak, wailing call. Taking his revolver from its holster, Kavanagh ran quickly up the steps of the veranda and tried to open the door, which was locked. The windows were shuttered. He heard the man inside call, “Break open the door,” and he obeyed. Now, he was in a passage that obviously had not been used for a long while, since fungi sprouted from the wooden walls, and the rank smell of putrefying food seemed to come from every quarter. It was in a room at the back of the veranda that he found the only occupant—the frail little man whom Bruch had described.

“John Maxwell!” he exclaimed.

The man lying on the bed covered with mosquito nets said “Yes,” in a tired, weary voice. “John Maxwell. Who are you?”

Kavanagh did not answer the question. The wretched condition of the man on the bed divorced his mind from every thing save a humane desire to succor.

“Just keep quiet,” he said in a pitying voice. “You’ve got the fever bad, and if you excite yourself there’ll be small chance of pulling you through.” He gave his man a liberal dose of quinine, flung open the window to get what air there was, then closed it partially out of consideration for the invalid. With the skill of a trained nurse, he remade the bed without unduly disturbing Maxwell; then began an inspection of the bungalow. He passed from room to room, turned over, idly, the sheets of manuscript lying in what he supposed was the study, and smiled pityingly at the voluminous notes on Eastern orchids. The walls of most of the rooms were covered with mildew; there was a picture of Eunice hanging on one panel, from which great clumps of fungi sprouted so that they formed a fantastic framework. In other rooms were guns, the barrels hopelessly rusted; fishing rods, butterfly nets, and all the paraphernalia of a man who has given up his life to the wild. When he returned to the sickroom, he found Maxwell lying in the same position in which he had left him. Bruch had been unjust in describing the eyes as wicked; rather were they pathetically simple and resigned. The sick man touched his throat.

“Hurt me—shouting,” he said, weakly.

Kavanagh said, "Sorry," as if he were to blame, and searched in the medicine case that always accompanied him for the glycerin and borax.

" 'Boys' all cleared," said Maxwell, and smiled bitterly. "Cowards!"

"Don't talk," said Kavanagh. "I'll do all that. I've heard of whites clearing away from fever, so you can't blame a superstitious native."

Maxwell said, "I suppose not," and closed his eyes.

It wasn't exactly lack of sympathy that made Kavanagh add;

"If a man chooses to bury himself on an island like this he should be prepared for this kind of thing," A reference to Eunice almost found expression before he realized that as yet he had not told Maxwell his name. He was about to mention it, when the eyes of the sick man opened slowly and focused his. Then, a thin, wasted hand, all freckles and blue veins, reached under the pillow and drew out a wallet. The hand lacked the strength to hold the wallet out; Kavanagh stooped and took possession of it. "All right," he said reassuringly. "I'll look through it presently. Meanwhile, try to sleep for an hour. I'm going to forage round for grub, and I'll get a fire going to heat some water."

At the end of an hour, he had straightened things up a little; there was a quantity of tinned food in the bungalow, and on the roof he found an ingenious combination of rain-tank and filter. He brewed some coffee for himself, went back to the sickroom to see how Max^{well} was progressing, and finding him

asleep, went out to the veranda to smoke. There he opened the wallet, and with the guilty feeling of one stealing into a forbidden room, took out the contents. There was a small carte-de-visite of Eunice, the print slightly soiled by mildew. The bold scrawl across the bottom of the card, "To John," brought a sting to Kavanagh's heart. There was a small photograph of Maxwell himself, taken when he was ten years younger, according to the date beneath the photographer's imprint. The two cards had been held together, face to face, by a rubber band. In the wallet were shriveled petals, presumably of orchids, rough notes on climatic changes and the varying periods of orchid-seed germination; but that which sent the blood rushing to Kavanagh's cheeks was a letter from Eunice. He read it, but not until he had twice tiptoed along the corridor to glance into the sickroom.

"You wrong me, John," she had written. "Jay Kavanagh was a friend in the days before you and I were introduced, a friend whose one great aim was to bring a little sunshine into a life that was well-nigh full of clouds. If only you could meet him! No jealous thought would remain in your mind." Then, she went on to remonstrate against his indifference to her position; towards the end, she was bitter in her reproaches.

Kavanagh replaced the letter and photograph in the wallet and locked the thing in his pack. He returned to Maxwell, and for a long while remained seated by the side of the bed, staring at the flushed, unhealthy face.

"About a couple of days," he muttered.

The sick man opened his eyes. "As ... bad ... as ... that?"

"I was thinking about the monsoon," said Kavanagh, quickly; "it's about due."

"Lying," said Maxwell, feebly. "I know I haven't a chance. If you should meet—"

"Eunice?" whispered Kavanagh, bending down to catch every word.

"No," frowning, "Bruch."

"I've met him—in Sarawak."

"Inhuman devil." He was too weak to say more. Kavanagh bathed his brow and hands with camphor and water, and continued to watch. Throughout the night. Maxwell tossed about on the bed; there were frequent fits of delirium, during which the names of "Eunice," "Bruch," and "Kavanagh" were mentioned; sometimes he quoted phrases from the letter which Kavanagh had found in the wallet; then he would laugh and plead and whine about the cruelty of Bruch; a moment, and he would commence to mutter about orchids and the wonderful varieties that had come under his notice. "Grand! Magnificent!" Then silence, save a low moaning that brought tears to the eyes of the watcher. He was sinking fast at dawn; Kavanagh guessed that he would not weather through the fifth hour, when vitality is at its lowest point. He was right. At four o'clock. Maxwell made a great effort to raise himself on his elbow.

"Friend"—Kavanagh patted the hand that rested on his—"cremation—not burial. Promise me. Awful fear animals scratching—you understand. Swear."

"I swear," said Kavanagh, solemnly.

"God forgive—Bruch," said Maxwell, and his head dropped back on the pillow.

He died half an hour later. Kavanagh lost his nerve and wandered about the compound till the sun had climbed high into the heaven. Before the next dawn he was making his way south to Sarawak, his promise to the dying Maxwell fulfilled; more, the bungalow had been fired, that all traces of the fever might be stamped out. The journey to Sarawak was long and wearisome, but Kavanagh struggled through with splendid spirit. He was not conscious of having done anything for which he might reasonably take credit; the thought that dominated his mind was the freedom of Eunice.

He stayed one night at the Batavia Hotel (a tramp steamer was leaving for Singapore the next day, and, there, he could pick up a liner for England), and, strange though it may seem, Bruch dined with him.

"Got back from Java last night. "

Did you find Maxwell, by any chance?"

"Found him dying."

Drink? Or just—just dying?”

"Fever."

"Orchid fever? Or just ... just fever?"

"Just fever. He died."

"Poor old Maxwell! And what about his ‘boys’? Did you give them a hand?"

"They had deserted him. There wasn't a soul near him,"

"Poor old Maxwell! And you were left to bury him?"

"I didn't bury him. He had a horror of burial." And he told of the promise he gave and fulfilled. He said nothing of the words that Maxwell had uttered against Bruch. ...

"You'll be going to England, friend?"

"To-morrow."

"To comfort the widow? ... Steady!" as Kavanagh half-rose from His chair.
"And the world will never know."

“What?”

“Nothing—nothing.” Poor old Max ... well! Well, he’s had his fun and his orchids. Eh ?”

Kavanagh sailed the next day. Six weeks later, he was alone with Eunice. She was listening to his story of Maxwell’s end. He minimized the painfulness of it, and whispered of the workings of Fate that had taken compassion on their loneliness. Days passed; weeks passed. And then the newspapers told of a romance of hearts that had won by waiting, of a romance that was greater than fiction, of a man who had risked his life to nurse the husband of the woman he loved in secret.

And, suddenly, Jan Bruch thrust his hateful presence into the circle the fairies were weaving ...

“I want to see Jay Kavanagh.”

He was invited into the room where Kavanagh was sitting with Eunice.

“I met him in Sarawak,” Kavanagh whispered, but his heart was beating wildly because of his indefinable fear.

Bruch swaggered in and bowed with exaggerated gallantry to Eunice.

“Maybe the lady would like to leave us a while,” he suggested.

Eunice looked to Kavanagh for guidance.

“Please stay where you are,” he said.

“As you please”—Bruch refused the chair that was indicated—“but I thought we might settle our business better if we were alone. The thing is—do I share without any fuss, or do I fight for my rights?”

Kavanagh was trying to laugh at what he believed to be a coarse sense of humor; then, the words of Maxwell came back.

“Sit down,” he said, sharply, and Bruch obeyed. Kavanagh’s was the voice that compelled obedience. “What’s your business?”

Bruch shrugged his thin shoulders. “Maxwell’s dead ... isn’t he?”

“I told you that the last time I saw you.”

“And this is Maxwell’s house? It was his ... put it like that. Now, how did Maxwell die? Eh?”

Kavanagh was quite calm as he replied; “I told you that, too,” but there was a threatening fire in his eyes.

“You said he died of fever.” Bruch pursed his lips, as if to say, “Why should I believe that story?” “You also said that he hankered after cremation.”

“He did. He was terrified—”

“He was—or you ?”

“I? Why should I be terrified?”

“Well, you weren’t exactly chummy with friend Maxwell; you remember I warned you against telling the world about your hatred of him when we were sitting in the Batavia Hotel. First thing the proprietor said to me when he heard Maxwell had dropped anchor was, ‘Did he plug him?’—he being you.”

Kavanagh said quietly: “I found Max— well dying of fever. About the first words he spoke were against you.”

“Ah!” Bruch laughed. “So you cremated him—eh? Well, that was one way of getting rid of evidence, but you shouldn’t have been fool enough to blab when you returned to Sarawak.”

This time, Kavanagh leaped to his feet and gripped his man by the throat.

“Are you trying to insinuate that I took John Maxwell’s life?” he said, in a horror-laden voice. “I, who nursed him in his fever?”

Bruch wrenched himself free.

“Prove that you didn’t,” he hurled back. ”We know that you went up into the interior of the island. We know that you came back and told us that you had cremated Maxwell. We know that before you went up you were all for killing Maxwell because he had cheated you out of a woman. We know ... ’cause the newspapers have told us ... that you’re going to marry the lady. And you know that you’ve got to pay to keep my mouth shut. Savvy?”

Eunice called out warningly as Kavanagh raised his hand to strike, and instantly he realized that it would be the height of folly to wage war against a man like Bruch with the weapons which would suit Bruch best. It was a moment for calm and subtlety, because it required no straining of the imagination to see the possibilities of the charge that Bruch was bringing. It was known in Sarawak that he had gone into the interior of the island to find Maxwell; it was known, through his own words, that he had found Maxwell and that Maxwell was dead; it was known, again through his own words, that exhumation was impossible.

Fully appreciating the seriousness of the position into which a series of circumstances had thrust him, he returned to his chair, and looked hopelessly at the thin, vindictive face of the Dutchman. Eunice marked the wavering. She faced Bruch.

“Of course, you want money?” she said.

“Do I?” said Bruch, grinning.

“Well, I should think so.”

“And you think you’ve only to ask for it in order to get it.”

“Lady,” said Bruch, in mock seriousness, “my sense of justice is much greater than my need of money. I owe a duty to John Maxwell. But I thought that it was the right thing to give Mr. Kavanagh a chance to clear himself. We don’t want to fill the newspapers with the story, do we? You notice that Mr. Kavanagh isn’t too anxious to say anything.”

Eunice went to the desk and wrote a note. She brought it back to Bruch.

“There!” she said, boldly. “There’s the address of the solicitor to Mr. Maxwell’s estate. If it had been possible for you to blackmail Mr. Kavanagh to the extent of a thousand, you may rest assured that the solicitor will pay you ten times that amount for your story. Go to him; tell him exactly what you have told us. That’s how an Englishwoman regards a blackmailer.”

Bruch, confident of his ground, having carefully calculated every inch of it, accepted the challenge.

“I’m not the sort of man,” he said, “to spoil a pretty little romance, but since you force me to it, the blame is on your own heads.”

They let him go. Eunice watched him from the window. Kavanagh, in his chair, stared helplessly before him. She went back to him, and asked the question with her eyes. He looked up at her and shook his head.

“That man,” he said, “knows that only a miracle can save me from his accusations.” He told her, again, of how he had found Maxwell, and of all that had followed,

“Everything was destroyed,” he said, “everything, excepting this,” and he took from his pocket the wallet that he had found under Maxwell’s pillow.

She looked at it, and her breath quickened.

“I remember the day he bought it,” she said.

Kavanagh opened it. “I didn’t mean to tell you about it,” he said. “There’s a letter in here.”

“Mine?”

Mine?”

He handed it to her. He had wished to keep it from her because of the references in it to himself.

“We’ll burn it, now,” she said, with the demeanor of a solicitor preparing a defense. He took the photograph of her and held it towards her.

“And that?” he said.

“I have treasured it so much.” “And that,” she repeated in a monotone, as she dropped it in the fire. “Better that nothing should remain.”

He handed her the second photograph, that of Maxwell. “They were bound together, face to face,” he said, referring to the two.

She took the second photograph from him, and glanced at it.

“Who is this?” she asked. He was at her side in an instant.

“What?” he exclaimed. “Why, this is John Maxwell, I presume.”

“It is not,” she said. The hand that held the photograph was shaking. Kavanagh was even more excited.

“Eunice,” he cried, “that is the photograph of the man who was in the bungalow—the man who said he was John Maxwell. It was taken when he was much younger, but to my mind there is no doubt whatsoever ...”

“That is not John Maxwell,” she repeated, and unconsciously her hand felt for his. “Bruch!” she whispered, in a frightened voice. “Do you think he will go to the solicitor? What mystery is there here?”

“We may find out,” said Kavanagh, “by hurrying around to Jamieson’s office. Bruch is clever; he is cunning; the man who died in the bungalow tried to warn me against him, but the fellow had been so open with me that I suspected a private quarrel between them.”

Within ten minutes they were on their way to the solicitor’s office. Bruch, with the courage of one who believed that he held the winning hand, had gone to Jamieson, and when Kavanagh and Eunice arrived, it was to find the thin Dutchman crouching, rather than sitting, on a chair, all his braggadocio gone, his mouth weakly open, while, standing in front of him was a little spectacled lawyer, whose finger rested on the button of the electric bell.

“Come in, Mrs. Maxwell,” Mr. Jamieson called out over his shoulder, “and you, Mr. Kavanagh. This gentleman and I have been playing a little drama all on our own ... There’s no need to speak,” as Eunice opened her lips. “Mr. Jan Bruch has left little to be said by you. Like the majority of rascals, he bungled his pretty scheme of blackmail in one very small detail, but that detail will, I think, be sufficient for the police. I was just going to touch the bell when you came in, so that we might have a larger audience, say a police officer or two, to witness the denouement of the drama.”

Then he addressed himself to Bruch: “Now, my friend,” he said, smartly, “supposing you repeat the confession that I dragged out of you. Don’t make a mistake or let your memory play you false, because just behind your head there is a bookcase, and behind that bookcase is a young lady who has taken a shorthand note of everything you said. Your story to Mr. Kavanagh and this lady was that John Maxwell went up into the interior of Borneo, and there Mr. Kavanagh found him. You know very well that John Maxwell never set foot in the bungalow on the Barito river. ... Just nod, that will do.”

“The truth is that the man who died of fever in that bungalow was at one time a friend of yours. The two of you met John Maxwell, the orchid hunter. John Maxwell died; I won’t say from what cause. About that time, an allowance of a hundred pounds a month was being sent out by this firm to a Sarawak bank in order to cover any expenses to which Mr. Maxwell might be put—an arrangement quite usual among travelers. Maxwell having died, in the presence of Weber, your friend, it occurred to you that it would be quite possible to make the monthly allowance live after him. Weber, being a man of weak will, and, apparently as deeply interested in orchid collecting as the late Mr. Maxwell, was frightened by your threats to expose him for his share in the conspiracy against Maxwell. Again I say, I make no accusation against you or Weber with regard to the death of John Maxwell. You managed to get Weber up into the interior; you terrified him. He took John Maxwell’s place, and you collected the monthly allowance.”

“The arrival of Mr. Kavanagh at Sarawak must have been very disconcerting, but I’ll give you credit for a certain amount of cleverness. It is amazing to me

that you allowed Mr. Kavanagh to get into the interior. Perhaps you were not very far away from him during the whole of the time he was there; in fact, you have confessed as much. You knew that Weber was dying of fever. You say that one of the coolies told you so, and tacitly you admit that you left him in his sickness. Having learned from Mr. Kavanagh of how Weber died, your nimble brain suggested a more profitable game than the waiting for a monthly allowance. What a pity it is that you signed your name on that slip of paper which admitted you to this office! You must have been in a great hurry to see me, because when the commissionaire at the door handed you the slip on which to write your name you literally tumbled over yourself to get the thing done. What a pity, too, that I have a good memory! It was so easy to connect the writing on that slip of paper with one of the receipts sent to me from the bank at Sarawak.”

“Shall we press this button?”

“Give me a chance to get away,” pleaded Bruch, sullenly.

“Oh! no,” said Mr. Jamieson, “not until I have consulted the wishes of this lady and gentleman. Besides, the lady behind that "case will have transcribed her notes by now. I should like you to sign them. Then we will consider what’s the best course to take.”

The solicitor stopped, and turned to Kavanagh and Eunice. “Leave everything to me,” he whispered. ‘This is the part of a solicitor’s work that my soul revels

in. Besides, I can see that you two want to say so much to each other,” and the little eyes twinkled behind the spectacles.

Eunice and Kavanagh passed out of the office and into the cab that awaited them. There was silence until half the homeward journey had been covered. Then she touched his arm, and said softly: “I never doubted you for a second. Does that make you happier?”

As he raised her hand to his lips, he said in reply: “If the world had been full of Bruchs and there had been no Jamiesons ... if there had been no way out of the trap that circumstances had made ... I should have felt no hurt so long as you believed in me.”

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Pictorial: A Female Bacchus



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